Chronicles

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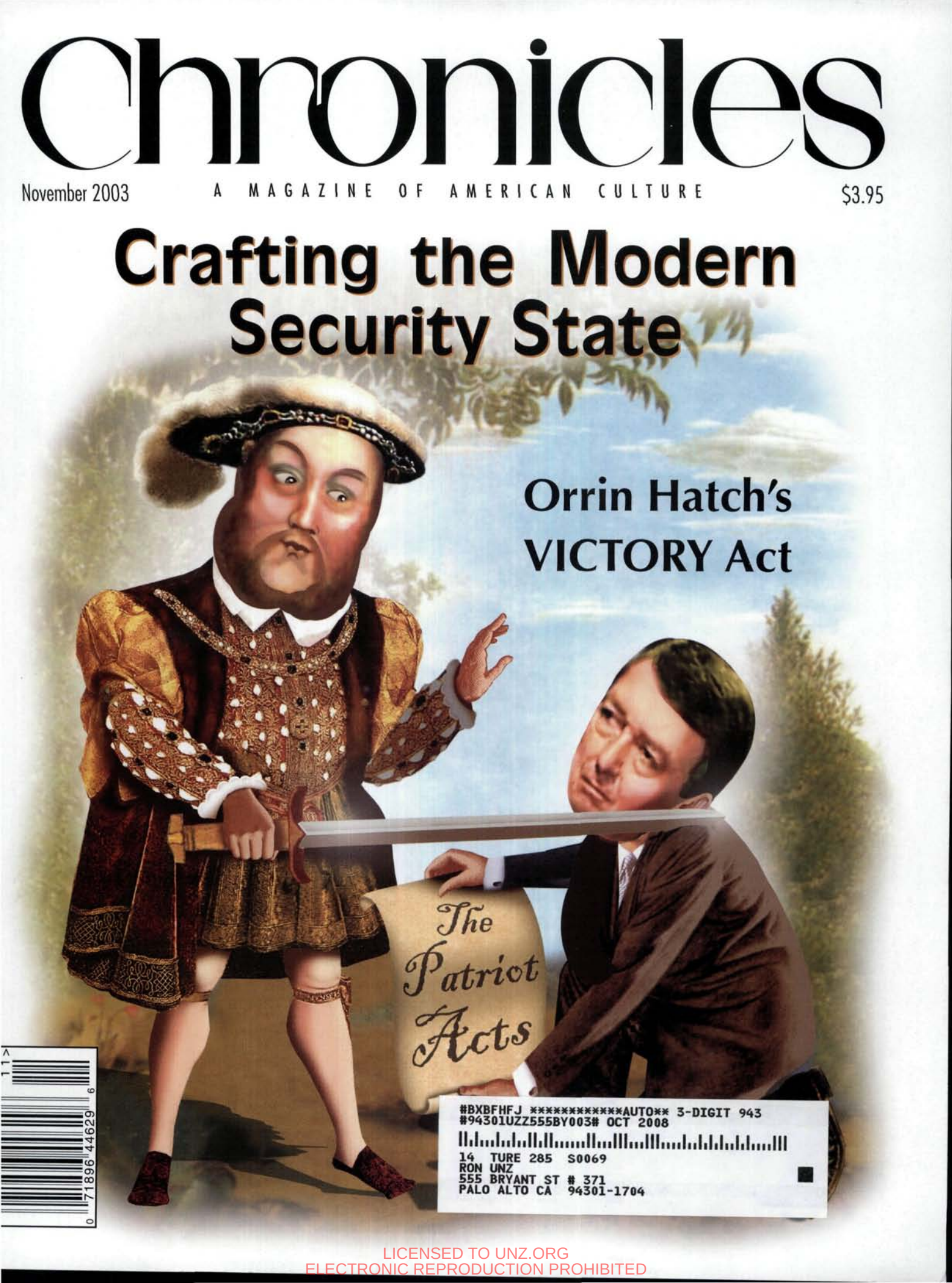

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America, the old saw goes, is an experiment in democracy. Some think the ultimate principles are human rights and multiculturalism—a perpetual revolution to achieve the "proposition" we are supposedly devoted to. Other nations have a history, while America alone is exempt from the laws of human nature. If all this sounds more like a science-fair project than like a real nation, then you should be attending this year's meeting of the John Randolph Club. Our historians and political analysts will probe the European roots of American culture, debunk the multiculturalists and neoconservatives who hate our historic nation, examine the spreading virus of ethnic conflict, and take a candid look at our relations with the nations of Europe.

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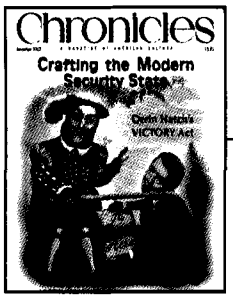

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On the Framers

It is a good thing that our nation's Founding Fathers did not believe as Thomas Fleming does about dissent ("Loyal Opposition," *Perspective*, August), or we would never have achieved our independence. Freedom of speech is the first guarantee listed in our Bill of Rights. And though, like Dr. Fleming, I do not look to the ACLU as my champion (finding myself in disagreement with its anti-Christian positions), even a broken clock is right twice a day.

Concerning the current reinterpretation of the Constitution, Dr. Fleming writes that "a solution to this dilemma cannot profitably be sought in an examination of how free Americans once exercised their liberties in the Old Republic. That Old Republic died before I was born, and there is little that any of us can do to change it." And again, "At this point, it is futile to expect the government in Washington or in the states to give up their campaign to eradicate the vestiges of the West from American soil, much less to nurture and protect the Christian faith. We are, nonetheless, subject to the rulers of this earth and should not be found wanting in our duties as subjects."

Apparently having given up, Dr. Fleming appears ready to accept what the Framers would not. They did not see a duty to be a good colonial subject of Great Britain nor to follow its illegal and unjust laws. What we need in this once-great country is not a defeatist conservation of the *status quo* but a revolution to get back the liberties we have lost. As Thomas Jefferson knew, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

—*Charles Angione*
Bangor, PA

I was puzzled by Thomas Fleming's assertion that "Christians cannot pray in the schools they pay for with their taxes or pretend that their traditions are equal (much less superior) to [various other religions or cultures]."

I was not aware that Christians or persons of any other faith could be prevented from praying in public schools. The devout of any faith are perfectly free to bow their heads, put their hands together, and address prayers to their deity at numerous times during the school day.

I have to suppose that what Dr. Fleming wants is for public-school authorities to organize prayer events on behalf of one or more favored religions. Whether he expects such events always to reflect the rituals of one favored religion or to be apportioned among the various religions or

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nonreligions represented in the student body, I know not.

Similarly, the taxes for the support of the public schools are extracted from the adherents of a number of different religions. Should the apportionment of prayer events be made to reflect the relative contributions of those varied adherents, including atheists and agnostics? Should the events be apportioned *pro rata* among the students or, more justifiably, in proportion to the share of income, sales, property, and other taxes paid by the adherents of each faith to support the public schools of their district? At the very least, this promises to be a serious administrative problem.

I am also not aware that our public schools forbid Christians or anyone else from pretending that their traditions are equal to or superior to others, although I can see where such a prohibition might ward off some schoolyard holy wars.

Dr. Fleming's religious program for the public schools seems to me better suited to an Islamic theocracy than to a free society.

—John McClaughry
Concord, VT

Dr. Fleming Replies:

There is no fool like an old fool, unless he is the fool that makes a dupe of himself. Over the years, John McClaughry has convinced himself that he could be governor of his state and lead a secessionist movement, while remaining thick as thieves with the Republican establishment in Washington. A man who has never ceased to defend the Islamic terrorists in Kosovo should have better sense than to hurl the insult "Islamic" against Christians who believe, in principle, in defending their own religion. If McClaughry would like to go and experience firsthand the joys of living under Albanian rule, let me be the first to make a contribution to the "John McClaughry Expatriation to Pristina" fund. Better take a copy of our October issue on self-defense.

As usual, McClaughry has missed the point of my essay. Since he knows that I oppose the very existence of public schools and that my standard proposal for dealing with them is to let the neighborhoods decide what sort of religion or nonreligion they want, I do not see how even he can imagine that I am in favor of using the schools to impose my religion. He thinks that inaudible private prayers are sufficient. Of course, there are private prayers that one can say in the mind, and prisoners of conscience may often have nothing but that form of prayer to console themselves with. In robust Christian communities, however, the faithful take part in corporate prayer, and no sane Christian would want his children to be deprived of such an opportunity in those places that form their character. McClaughry's conception of prayer is like a conception of money that is stripped of all social meaning. Such money would merely be play money that one could not spend. What McClaughry really wants, of course, is a God-free society paid for with the tax dollars of Christians. That is what he means by calling himself a libertarian.

Mr. Angione apparently believes that the Founding Fathers were all like the hooligans who destroyed the private property they stole from honest merchants at the Boston Tea Party. When the nearest thing we had to legitimate governments—though they represented only a minority of opinion—seceded from the British crown, it was quite a different matter.

"You say you want a revolution?" Fine and dandy—but with this caveat. Those who wish to take up arms against the system had better be clear about their motives, their objectives, and the probable consequences of their folly. Blowing off steam in a letter to the editor may be a harmless prank, though, in these days of PATRIOT Acts, I would not be too sure; to involve friends and family in an insurrection, however, could prove very costly. Admittedly, the *status quo* stinks, but I do not see that suicide is the best response.

On Jefferson on Iraq

In his essay "What Would Jefferson Do?" (*Views*, August), Stephen B. Presser implies that Thomas Jefferson would support efforts to silence the critics of the war in Iraq. While it is true that, during his second term, Jefferson supported some illiberal measures (the embargo episode being a prime example), Dr. Presser ignores Jefferson's Kentucky Resolution and the Revolution of 1800.

In the summer of 1798, the Federalists made criticism of the national government a crime *via* the Sedition Act. Jefferson and Madison drafted the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions to combat both this oppressive measure and the liberal interpretation of the Constitution that gave birth to the Alien and Sedition Acts. Under the Sedition Act, at least 25 people were arrested and 14 were indicted—many of them for criticizing President Adams' efforts to wage war against France. Though the Sedition Act expired just before Jefferson assumed the presidency, he pardoned those convicted under this oppressive measure. As for those Americans who had supported the acts and the Federalists, Jefferson described them as "dupes of artful maneuvers, and made for a moment to be willing instruments in forging chains for themselves." Such actions and words simply do not support Dr. Presser's characterization of Jefferson as one to inclined to circumscribe the parameters of political debate.

—William J. Watkins, Jr.
Greenville, SC

Dr. Presser Replies:

What Dr. Watkins writes regarding the Federalists' seditious-libel prosecutions is certainly correct, and I think he nicely underscores the point that, for Jefferson, dissent is perfectly permissible—indeed, to be encouraged—when he is out of power and wants to criticize those he wishes to replace. Once he is in power, however, his toleration for dissent seems to decrease dramatically. Those wishing to explore the information that leads me to conclude that, for Jefferson, civil liberties were a matter of whose ox was being gored will enjoy Leonard Levy's book, *Jefferson and Civil Liberties: The Darker Side* (Ivan R. Dee, Inc., 1989).

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by Srdja Trifkovic

The Iraq Quagmire

The lies and distortions surrounding the stated rationale for the war against Iraq now appear crude, clumsy, and embarrassing. While it would have been unrealistic to expect Messrs. Bush, Rumsfeld, and Wolfowitz to display Bismarckian finesse in setting up Saddam Hussein, six months after the war was declared over, their actions should be judged by the objective criteria that have not changed since the Iron Chancellor's days: Has the operation made the United States more or less powerful, affluent, respected, and secure? While no final answer can be given until all U.S. troops have been withdrawn from Iraq, the longer that withdrawal is postponed, the more likely it is that the verdict will be negative.

In terms of the "War on Terror," Iraq is a fiasco. The war against Saddam Hussein—planned and desired by its executors long before September 11—was made possible by the terrorist attacks two years ago. In addition, it was partly justified by the claim—notably emanating from the Pentagon's Office of Special Planning—that Saddam had links to Osama bin Laden and other terrorists. The claim was false: Iraq under Saddam did not maintain such links, and she was not a terrorist threat to the United States. One unintended but predictable consequence of the war and occupation has been Iraq's rapid conversion into a breeding ground for homegrown terrorists and a catalyst for violently anti-American activism throughout the region.

The attackers killing American soldiers on a daily basis are variously described as Iranian agents, Al Qaeda operators, and Syrian infiltrators. While it is possible that some or all of the above are involved in the attacks that have claimed close to a thousand lives thus far—over 150 of them American—it is unlikely that resistance would cease without foreign intervention. Violence against Americans, other foreigners, and their Iraqi helpers is fed by a restive population—especially in the Sunni center—that resents the foreign presence and wants it to end. This nationalist sentiment will grow as long as American troops remain. Bringing in more U.S. troops would only make things worse, and, in any event, the option is unattractive to the Bush administration only months before an election year. Even if U.S. forces were to withdraw immediately, Iraq would remain a "country of concern" for decades to come.

In terms of credibility and prestige, America's international standing has been jeopardized by the strain caused by the military occupation and political management of Iraq. While there was less than meets the eye in President Bush's call (on September 24) for the United Nations to help reconstruct Iraq—it was neither an admission that America has hit the limits of her might nor a major departure from his administration's insistence on maintaining control—the fact that he felt compelled to appeal for help at all reflects a retreat from the heady days of May and June. A few months ago, Mr. Bush's *volte-face* would have caused chuckles and gloating in Paris and Berlin; today, however, many "old Europeans" are as uncomfortable with the prospect of America's hasty and humiliating retreat from Iraq as they are with the thought of assuming the burden themselves.

The difficulties in Iraq have curtailed America's ability to influence events in other important theaters. Emboldened by the rapid fall of Baghdad, President Bush launched the "Road Map" for peace in Israel-Palestine, his top officials issued threats directed at Syria and Iran, and North Korea was openly mentioned as the next target. The emerging Iraqi quagmire has emboldened Ariel Sharon and Yasser Arafat to destroy the "Road Map," and the mullahs are now more firmly in control of Teheran than ever, while Syria continues to garrison Lebanon and to support Palestinian militants. North Korea, too, feels the heat is off and shows no sign of giving up on her nuclear program.

One important consequence of last August's bombing of the U.N. headquarters in Baghdad is that other countries are reluctant to commit troops, policemen, or administrators. The signal from the bombers was unambiguous: Whoever comes to Iraq, under whatever auspices, will be treated as an American stooge and targeted accordingly. In the immediate aftermath of the war, an approach by the Bush administration to the United Nations with an offer of a Security Council-sanctioned mission in Iraq would have been welcomed in "Old Europe" and elsewhere—but the notion of sharing the fruits of victory with those who had opposed the war was regarded as unthinkable in Washington. Today, the roles are reversed: President Bush wants a Security Council resolution that would retroactively legitimize American action and bring soldiers from various member-countries—under U.S. command—to help maintain a semblance of law and order in Iraq, but its approval is unlikely.

If the Security Council refuses to adopt the kind of resolution that Washington wants, it will be a blessing in disguise. It is in the interest of the United States to hand over power in Iraq to a local government—or perhaps several governments, running the Kurdish north, Sunni center, and Shiite south—and to withdraw all troops as soon as possible. The democratic credentials and ideology of those authorities taking over for the United States are immaterial.

By contrast, if Iraq were to become a U.N.-approved and managed mission, the outcome would be disastrous for all concerned. The troops, including many Americans, would stay until the job of "nation-building" is complete—that is to say, forever. A self-perpetuating, self-serving, and corrupt bureaucracy would inevitably emerge, *à la* Sarajevo and Pristina. Even if the blue helmets were placed under U.S. command, the political decision-making process would become *de facto* multinational and "multilateral." American soldiers would continue to die, but their deaths would be even more senseless than they are today. ◁©

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THE WTO talks in Cancun, Mexico, and their ultimate collapse were similar to what happened in Seattle in 1999, when President Bill Clinton, an avowed "free trader," walked out when faced with demands even he could not stomach. Four years later, the United States again faced an intransigent coalition presenting unacceptable demands.

Liberal commentators have portrayed the breakdown as a clash between "rich" and "poor" nations, urging the United States to make more concessions to help the Third World. Yet the smaller "poor" countries would have had little leverage without such major states as China, Brazil, and India leading them. These rising continental powers are in the same position as the United States was a century and a half ago. They want to control their own destinies, which means concentrating on national development and the deepening of their own economic bases. Trade is useful only to the extent that it shifts the balance of power in their direction. And, as Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi told reporters, "There are divisions even among developed nations."

What is lacking among neoclassical trade theorists is the realization that commerce runs on the basis of competition, not harmony. The great error that has dogged classical liberalism is that peaceful trade can replace international strife. The "globalism" of the 1990's that gave birth to the World Trade Organization was based on the notion that world integration was possible in the calm following the Cold War. Trade has always been a major component of strife, however. Statesmen know that where modern factories, research labs, good jobs, productive capital, and other resources are located is where wealth and power will also accumulate. As a society becomes stronger, it can better shape events to the benefit of its people. It is a game for the highest stakes in a world still beset with intense rivalries.

The struggle has become ever more bitter as the world economy has slowed down. The WTO Doha Round explicitly called for a global redistribution of wealth. According to its Ministerial Declaration, negotiations are to focus "on products of export interest to developing countries. . . . The negotiations shall take fully into account the special needs and interests of developing and least-developed country participants, including through less than full reciprocity in [tariff] reduction commitments." The position of most countries, including China, was that they would take no new steps to open their markets. The purpose of Cancun was to support economic expansion in the Third World at the expense of the old "rich" industrialized countries who have been on top for too long.

The pattern of the late 19th century may be repeating. There had been a period of relative "free trade" in the mid-1800's as the Industrial Revolution spread across Europe. Frustrated by slow growth and envious of England's lead, rival nations started to shift back to protectionism in the 1870's to support internal economic development. Economic growth increased on the European continent and reached its highest rate under the mature protectionist regimes in place by the turn of the century. Only England, which clung to its "free trade" policy, continued to lag, falling behind Germany by 1900 with momentous geopolitical consequences. The fierce competition growing from the spread of modern industry around the world is unleashing a similar dynamic today.

As a $500 billion trade deficit endangers U.S. finances and slows the country's growth, there is rising anger over a manufacturing recession caused by the foreign outsourcing of American jobs, white collar as well as blue. The failure of the WTO should lead to a rethinking of the purpose and intent of U.S. trade policy. America must look for ways to bolster her own domestic strength if she is to maintain her security as well as her prosperity in a world of contending states.

The immediate reaction in the Bush administration to the collapse of "global" trade talks is to press ahead with bilateral "free trade agreements" with such countries as Australia, Bahrain, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates, the Philippines, Poland, and whoever else is willing to back Washington in Iraq or in the "War on Terrorism." Like the free-trade agreements with Singapore and Morocco, this is using trade to cement strategic alignments, not to revive the U.S. economy, which is the real foundation of American leadership. A strong American economy can afford trade concessions to allies, a weak America cannot. None of the nations being pursued on diplomatic grounds have economies large enough to give the United States a boost even if that were the intent.

The largest, most affluent, and most accessible market for American goods is the $1.2 trillion market within the United States, which has been lost to imports. An economic *reconquista* would boost U.S. jobs and wages in line with the increased output and productivity that such a policy would promote. The vigorous use of existing U.S. trade laws, which provide safeguards against the kind of import surges and dumping that have nearly tripled the trade deficit since the world financial crises of 1997, could give firms and workers the home-field advantage they deserve as worthy members of American society. Indeed, as global integration again proves to be an unhealthy fantasy, the reintegration of American society should become the focus of policy.

—*William R. Hawkins*

A THREE-JUDGE PANEL of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals surprised most conservatives and even a few liberals when it ruled that California's recall election could not go forward on October 7 as scheduled, overruling a district judge and effectively overruling the California courts, which had rebuffed all legal challenges to the recall, and California voters who had followed the provisions of their state's constitution to put the recall on the ballot. The panel agreed with a bevy of leftist and minority groups, which had argued that the use of punch-card ballots in California counties with large minority populations made any election held before those voting machines were replaced a violation of both the 14th Amendment's Equal Protection Clause and the Voting Rights Act.

The decision was, of course, absurd. It should not have come as a surprise, however, because it faithfully represents trends in American law and politics that have been apparent for decades. For at least 40 years, the federal judiciary has been the indispensable ally of an increasingly ascendant leftism. The federal courts have both imposed leftist ideals on an initially recalcitrant public—as in *Roe* v. *Wade*

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and this summer's decision discovering a hitherto unknown constitutional right to homosexual sodomy—and protected leftist gains from political or legal counterattack (as in the decision striking down California's Proposition 187 or this summer's Supreme Court decision sanctioning government discrimination against whites). For more than 40 years, the federal courts have stopped viewing the Constitution as a mechanism to protect states from the encroachments of federal power and have viewed it instead as a means to increase the power of the federal government, in general, and the federal judiciary, in particular.

It is not ironic but fitting that the precedent cited by the panel was the favorite recent Supreme Court decision of the "mainstream right," *Bush* v. *Gore*—fitting, because the ability of the federal judiciary to move America to the left has been made possible by the feckless opposition of the mainstream right to what has become an imperial judiciary. As I wrote in these pages nearly three years ago, "The U.S. Supreme Court's attempt to ensure the 'equality' of all votes is sure to invite further federal intervention in state elections." Such concerns were brushed aside in the euphoria to speed up the ending of the Clinton years and the coming glory of a second Bush administration. Now, however, the American people have to bear the brunt of a judicial weapon that can be wielded whenever a leftist politician loses a close election or is threatened by an uppity electorate.

The reversal of the panel's decision by the entire Ninth Circuit hardly removes this weapon from the arsenal of the left, despite claims at *National Review Online* that "The sun shines brighter on the golden republic today because in court, law prevailed over politics." The Ninth Circuit's decision mainly turned on the plaintiffs' failure to meet the exacting standards required for injunctive relief, heightened in this case because the plaintiffs were seeking to enjoin an election where voting (by absentee ballot) had already begun. The Ninth Circuit did *not* reject the Equal Protection claim based on *Bush* v. *Gore*: "That a panel of this court unanimously concluded the claim had merit provides evidence that the argument is one over which reasonable jurists may differ." And the court noted that the plaintiffs "have shown a possibility of success on the merits" of their claims under the Voting Rights Act.

One of the greatest challenges facing true conservatives is to devise a new strategy that will rein in the federal judiciary and reduce its power to constitutional dimensions. The strategy that conservatives have been using for decades—patiently waiting for Republican politicians to appoint the right type of judge—is an abject failure. At least since Nixon, Republican presidential candidates have promised to appoint conservatives to the bench. The result: a constitutional right to homosexual sodomy invented by Reagan nominee Anthony Kennedy, who was described to me by a high-ranking Reagan-administration official at a Federalist Society gathering in 1989 as being "as good as Bork." So far, President Bush has not even been able to figure out how to get reliable conservative nominees through Senate confirmation. Until we figure out how to replace our imperial judiciary with a republican one, the left will continue to win the Culture War and most political battles as well.

—*Tom Piatak*

KATHY BOUDIN, by the time she walked out of the New York state penitentiary on parole last summer after serving 22 years for murder and bank robbery, should have been a forgotten name, but, thanks to the *New York Times* and similar organs, she was probably better known when she left prison than when she entered. What seems to have been a well-orchestrated movement for her rehabilitation and release started several years ago, with a long article about her in the *New Yorker* and several front-page stories in the *Times* that have helped keep her and the lies she and her comrades seek to perpetuate before the public.

Boudin is a murderer, a terrorist, and a criminal—but not an ordinary one. The daughter of lawyer Leonard Boudin (always described by the press as a "civil-liberties attorney" but, in fact, a Communist Party shill) and the granddaughter of Louis Boudin, a party founder, she became one of the best-known New Left loudmouths of the 1960's and a founding member of its offshoot, the terrorist Weather Underground. Before the day of her arrest in 1981, Boudin had last been seen running naked from the remains of a Greenwich Village townhouse that her Weather buddies had managed to blow up with their own bomb. That was in 1970.

Eleven years later, on October 20, 1981, a gang of hoods calling itself the Black Liberation Army swiped $1.6 million from a Brinks armored truck at a bank in Nyack, Long Island. One robber fired a shotgun point-blank through the windshield of the truck, killing the driver, while two other guards were wounded. The killers were stopped at a roadblock not far away but managed to gun down two police officers as they approached their van. Some of the gang escaped, but one of those who did not was the elusive Boudin, nabbed by the cops as she tried to flee.

What made the robbery and murders notable was their transparent ideological motivation. Not only Boudin but Weatherpersons David Gilbert and Susan Clark were arrested and convicted for their roles in the crime, and the remnants of the Underground (now calling themselves the "May 19th Communist Organization," after the common birthdays of Ho Chi Minh and Malcolm X) soon launched a public-relations crusade to defend the "political prisoners."

Mr. Gilbert (still serving his 75-year-to-life sentence) is the father of Boudin's son, Chesa, named after Joanne Chesimard, now a fugitive in Cuba and another veteran of the Black Liberation Army wanted for the murder of a New Jersey state trooper. Chesa himself was the recent subject of a fawning *New York Times* front-pager when he won a Rhodes Scholarship.

The Nyack Brinks job was hardly the first of the "expropriations," as the p.r. crusaders dubbed their robberies. The FBI quickly linked the gang to at least five other heists, all committed by black gunmen with white women as decoys or accomplices who rented the escape vehicles. (Boudin later told her parole board she "felt extremely guilty about being white.") At least two guards were murdered and several wounded in these crimes, and nearly $900,000 was stolen. To this day, that money has never been recovered.

Nothing quite demolishes the fiction that we are today "at war with terrorism" better than the release and rehabilitation of the real and largely unrepentant terrorist Kathy Boudin. Her exact role in planning and committing the series of robberies and murders remains obscure, but it was a significant one that involved full knowledge of what had happened, what was happening, and what would happen. Kathy Boudin is as much of a terrorist and a murderer as any of those who actually pulled the trigger, and there is no indication at all that she regrets her involvement. This country does not wage war on

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terrorists; it gives them parole and makes their children Rhodes Scholars.

As for Chesa, he was reared by Bill Ayers and Bernardine Dohrn, also major players in the Weather Underground. (Miss Dohrn, it turned out, just happened to work at a Manhattan boutique from which I.D. documents used in the robbery-murders had been stolen.) They, too, have enjoyed some friendly coverage in the *New York Times*. In a story headlined "No Regrets for a Love of Explosives," Mr. Ayers informed the *Times*, "I don't regret setting bombs. I feel we didn't do enough." You can look it up. The story ran on September 11, 2001.

—*Samuel Francis*

JOHNNY CASH, R.I.P. John R. Cash went to his reward on September 12. His beloved wife, June, preceded the "Man in Black" in death on May 15. His friends report that Johnny Cash was at peace and ready to meet his Maker. Cash himself had calmly stated, "I don't have long to live, now," during his last TV interview, taped shortly before his death. John's long-dormant Christian faith was reignited in the 1960's, partly by his love for June. Their marriage was, as one observer put it, "A miracle of their faith . . . an absolute religious experience for both of them." That faith became the guiding light of Johnny Cash's life.

Nevertheless, few media commentators made much of Johnny Cash's religion or the role his Christian faith played in shaping his life and music. On the basis of most of the comments made on his "spirituality" and his "faith," one could have easily thought Johnny Cash was a Unitarian. The man himself was not shy about speaking of his salvation in Christ, but media reviews of Johnny Cash's career tended to focus on his hell-raising, boozing, and drug addiction. Cash was cool because he had been a drug addict before it was fashionable, a drunken iconoclast who smashed the footlights at the Grand Ole Opry, sang rebellious songs about murderers ("I shot a man in Reno / just to watch him die") that foreshadowed the depravity of rap, and had admirers among punk rockers and heavy-metal enthusiasts.

Many of us saw Johnny Cash's life and work differently, however. Cash was a towering, craggy-faced figure with a soulful baritone voice, a man who fought spiritual battles on a biblical scale, an Arkansas Job, a redneck troubadour who wrestled with God, a prophet, a sinner turned disciple. His faith, along with his physical suffering (Cash was in constant pain for years before his passing, as he refused to risk taking addictive painkillers for his numerous ailments) and the mental anguish he struggled with, were the real-life raw materials Cash used to make his music. Only Johnny Cash could have cut a trio of concept albums entitled *Love, God*, and *Murder*. Cash the rebel's hard-edged songs always carried a message that the wages of sin is death, while Cash the believer sang about redemption being possible for all, even the worst of us, who are really not all that different from the best. His whole life was a struggle, a battle that inspired both his melancholy, dark songs and his gospel music. There was nothing fake about Johnny Cash.

Pop-music critics were just missing the point when they compared Cash's hard-edged lyrics to those of rap or heavy metal, which generally *celebrate* deviance or wallow in despair, leaving nothing to point the way out. Cash's body of work does the opposite. Even hard-rock songs were remade by the power of Cash's talent. In his brilliant rendition of "Hurt" on his last CD, *The Man Comes Around*, Cash was able to transform a heavy-metal number about drug addiction into a brooding but hopeful ballad, a stark look at self-destruction and a reflection on mortality and the fleeting quality of worldly achievements. It is *not* a celebration of living hard and dying young.

Johnny Cash felt compelled to pass along that transforming message. It was one reason he could never walk away from young people, not the hippies of the 1960's or tattooed hip-hop fans of today. Cash tried to listen to them because he was trying to speak to them. If he had not lacked physical vigor in his last years, Johnny Cash might well have done more good for the body-pierced, baggy-pants crowd than an army of "Christian rockers" and purveyors of "contemporary worship."

Critics and commentators have also repeatedly claimed that Cash "transcended" categories of music. While Cash himself ignored commercial genres and sang what he liked, refusing to be pigeonholed, the critics again missed the point. Cash's music did not have universal appeal because he transcended his origins or his religion. As with all cultural achievements of any value, it was Johnny Cash's very specific identity and background that made his wider appeal possible. Saying that he "transcended" it all is simply the postmodern critic's way of saying Johnny Cash wasn't what he really was, an old-stock American and a Bible-thumping Christian of a distinctive American type. His music, whether rockabilly, country, gospel, or a cover of a heavy-metal song, was distinctly American. If it wasn't one of his songs, he *made* it his. Cash was one of us.

Time's Richard Corliss, who called Cash's music "contemporary folk," was one of the few critics who got the man and his music right. Cash, wrote Corliss, was the "poet of the cotton fields, truck stops, and prisons. He was a balladeer . . . a spellbinding storyteller—a witness in the Christian sense of the word." As one of his admirers, a member of the Irish band U2 known as "the Edge," said of Cash, "[His] voice was all waiting freight trains and thundering prairies, like the landscape of his beloved America . . . there will never be another like him, and he could have come from nowhere else."

—*Wayne Allensworth*

OBITER DICTA: Mark your calendar now for our Seventh Annual **Summer School**, "The High Christian Ages," July 13-18, 2004, at The Rockford Institute. Fr. Hugh Barbour will return, and Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas will be making their TRI Summer School debuts. Watch future issues of *Chronicles* and visit *www.ChroniclesMagazine.org* in the coming weeks for more information on the Summer School and on our next International Convivium: "**Sicily**—the Good and the Bad of Cultural Diversity."

A version of **Tom Piatak**'s essay in this month's *Vital Signs* section, "Gibson and His Enemies," has appeared on our website. It has since been widely circulated in the Latin American and German Catholic press and has been the subject of several editorials.

Our poet this month is **Catharine Savage Brosman** of New Orleans. Her poetry and prose have appeared in the *New England Review*, the *American Scholar*, the *Southwest Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the *Sewanee Review*, among others. Two collections of her verse, *The Swimmer and Other Poems* (R.L. Barth) and *Places in Mind* (LSU Press), were published in 2001.

Our art this month is provided by **Jeff Drew** of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Drew, who originally hails from Indiana, is a software developer specializing in computer graphic design.

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by Thomas Fleming

Moon-Man Religion

American Christians love to deceive themselves. They close their eyes and pretend that the government's war against their religion is a temporary aberration; they insist—against all the evidence—that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian; and, when some federal judge dictates a decree stripping the town square of its cross and crèche or tearing down the Ten Commandments from a courthouse, they solemnly declare that this act of usurpation is an outrage against the Christian founders of this Christian nation. So long as this pretense is maintained, effective action to protect Christian institutions will never be taken.

The leaders of the American Revolution and the Framers of the Constitution were men of their time. Some were devout Christians, but many of them were deists who approved of Christianity only insofar as it was compatible with the deeper religion of nature revealed to the builders of the pyramids and of Solomon's temple and passed down to adepts like Iamblichus, Hermes Trismegistus, Marsilio Ficino, Giordano Bruno, and, most recently, to Montesquieu and Voltaire. Churches were to be tolerated provided they were prepared to tolerate one another and not attempt to stick their noses too far into the business of the state. Such a distinction between Church and state was utterly incompatible with the Christian religion practiced by Christ and His Apostles, by the Catholic and Orthodox Churches, and by Luther and Calvin, but Jefferson, to take a moderate and benevolent example, was indifferent to the particularities of the Christian religion—its miracles and its specific moral injunctions—which he eliminated from his own version of the Scriptures.

The U.S. Constitution, although it is not of divine revelation, has many admirable qualities that enabled the citizens of this republic to lead decent, Christian lives undisturbed by their governments. However, it did not and could not establish a "Christian nation," if only because the British monarchy, which served as its model, was a modern state that owed its very existence to a *coup d'état* against the Church. Like so many developments in modern civilization, for good and for ill, the modern state first began to take shape in Italy—specifically, in Renaissance Florence under the Medici—and it is no accident that the first writer to understand the state was the Florentine Machiavelli or that, as the virus spread to France and England, the state found new apologists in the persons of Jean Bodin and Francis Bacon.

The real founder of the Medici fortunes in the early 15th century was Cosimo the Old, who abandoned Christianity in favor of the neoplatonic magic taught at his Platonic Academy. From Florence, this neopagan cult spread across Europe, borrowing magical techniques and concepts, wherever it could, from Jewish Cabalists and Arab magicians. When Catherine de Medici (a contemporary of both Henry VIII and his children) became queen of France, she filled her court with magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers. Although hailed as the defender of the Catholic Church, she was, as one Italian observer described her, no kind of Christian at all, and her archenemy, Henry of Navarre (the Protestant hero who converted to gain the throne as Henry IV), was no better. One neopagan who spent Easter with the king wrote to an English adept that they had commemorated the most solemn of Christian holidays by celebrating the Eleusinian mysteries.

England was a more advanced case than France. Like his daughter Elizabeth, Henry VIII was a nondiscriminatory persecutor, burning sincere Protestants and Catholics alike, because neither group was willing to acknowledge his exclusive authority over faith and morals. His future son-in-law, Phillip II of Spain, although a far more pious Catholic, brooked no challenges to his authority. France, though torn apart by the religious wars, took longer to bring Christians to heel, but Louis XIV made the Gallican Church as subject to his authority as the Anglican Church was subject to the Tudors.

One of the (mostly) unintended consequences of the religious wars of the 16th century was a sense of indifference that overtook many sensible and humane men. If caring passionately about the forms of the Christian Faith turned men into such monsters, surely there must be a purer form of Christianity, which the Church had corrupted. They found this higher religion in the perennial philosophy rediscovered by Ficino in Florence, turned to magical ends by his disciple Pico della Mirandola and brought to England by Giordano Bruno.

Bruno was among the most accomplished of Renaissance magicians, combining his deep knowledge of Florentine neopaganism with the black arts of Agrippa and Paracelsus. Bruno arrived in London in 1583 and was taken under the wing of John Florio, secretary to the French ambassador. Florio, the grandson of a converted Italian Jew, was the English translator of the cynical Michel de Montaigne, a mocker of Christianity. Like other religious skeptics, Montaigne posed as an enlightened Christian who merely wanted to purify Christianity of its superstitions and abuses, but he was a determined immoralist who objected to the Church's strictures against fornication and adultery. His hero, Henry of Navarre, was also a skeptical neopagan and as obsessed with sex as Montaigne was himself.

It may have been John Florio who helped to arrange an invitation for Bruno to speak at Oxford, where he failed to make a good impression. Bruno, for his part, claimed that the dons had a good command of Latin and Greek but nothing else. They had not excelled in the new humanistic sciences or in magic, nor, as he points out, did they even study the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. How could they? Elizabeth had ordered the works of Thomas Aquinas and the other medieval philosophers to be burned publicly.

A Polish prince, Albert a Laski, accompanied Bruno on his trip to Oxford. Laski was studying alchemy with the celebrated John Dee, Queen Elizabeth's court astrologer. Dee was a magician and, with his junior partner, Edward Kelly, he was searching for the philosopher's stone. Kelly was an Irishman who had been put in the pillory for digging up a grave and using the corpse for necromancy. When Laski went home, both Dee and Kelly

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accompanied him to Europe and set up shop in Prague.

In Europe, Dee, using Kelly as his medium, held converse with the angels, who told him (among many other things)

> That Jesus was not God; That no prayer ought to be made to Jesus; That there is no sin; . . . No Holy Ghost they acknowledged; They would not suffer him to pray to Jesus Christ; but would rebuke him, saying, that he robbed God of his honour, etc.

One of the more suspect angelic transmissions recommended: "All sins committed in me are forgiven. He who goes mad on my account, let him be wise. He who commits adultery because of me, let him be blessed for eternity and receive the heavenly prize." This was preparation for Kelly's demand that he could swap his shrewish wife for Dee's beloved and beautiful young wife. Dee, although a brilliant mathematician and a deeply learned man, was so besotted that he forced his wife to degrade herself.

Elizabethan London was a hotbed of occultism. Although the famous "School of Night" may be little more than a textual error in Shakespeare's *Love's Labours Lost*, there is more than a little evidence to suggest that Christopher Marlowe, George Chapman, and Walter Raleigh, among many poets and intellectuals, were taken with the Renaissance craze for magic. And there can be no doubt about one of the greatest men of the age, Sir Philip Sidney, the model courtier and Protestant hero. Sidney was close to both Dee and Bruno. Sidney referred to Dee, his friend and mentor, as *ignotus deus* ("Our unknown God"), punning on Dee's Latin name, Deus. This calls to mind the inscription to the unknown god alluded to by Saint Paul in his sermon on the Areopagus in Athens, a speech that has often been interpreted as a justification for the *prisca theologia*, the natural theology that we can learn from the universe and from our consciences. As a student of Dee, he took the logical step of becoming the patron of Giordano Bruno, who dedicated two books to the poet.

In addition to befriending Bruno and traveling in hermetic circles, Sidney began a translation of Philippe du Plessis Mornay's hermetic treatise *De la verité de la religion chrétienne*. Mornay professed to be a Huguenot, but he was in fact a devotee of the *prisca theologia*, the supposed original religion of Hermes Trismegistus.

Philip Sidney played a key role in creating the myth of Elizabeth the Virgin Queen, the ideal Gloriana who was so different from the mean-spirited money-grubbing Tudor dictator known to history. He organized brilliant jousts and pageants and masques all designed to elevate the queen above ordinary humanity. His friend Bruno called her *diva Elizabetta*—"divine Elizabeth"—though he would later try to explain this away to the inquisitors (who condemned him to the stake in 1600), and he more than hinted that she would be the ruler of a universal empire.

This theme reached its highest expression in *The Faerie Queene*, written by Sir Edmund Spenser, who was not only Sidney's friend and protégé but a friend of Raleigh, who met him in Ireland, where they were brutally despoiling the natives. Spenser's portrait of the magician in the second book has plausibly been connected with John Dee.

Some critics have pointed out the astrological symbolism of the poem. Others have singled out the temple of Isis as an explicit allusion to the Hermetic tradition. Even the whole idea for the imaginary world of Faery is suspicious. It may have been inspired by Bruno's notion that the moon and planets were inhabited. Sensible Ben Jonson, who, in *The Alchemist*, explicitly connects the land of Faery with alchemy, ridicules the idea of moonmen in a masque describing an adventurer who goes to the moon. Spenser, however, defends his imaginary world with arguments borrowed from Bruno:

> Where is that Land of Faery,
> Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe
> But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe . . .
> What if within the Moone's fair shining spheare,
> What if in every other starre unseene
> Of other worlds he happily should heare?

In Spenser, we have come a long way, not only from the Catholic Church but from the Reformers, who would have been horrified by the poet's treatment of the mortal Elizabeth, whom he invokes at the beginning of *The Faerie Queene* as "O Goddesse, heavenly bright / Mirror of grace and Maiestie divine . . . "

We might agree to regard this idolatrous language as conventional Renaissance reverence toward a monarch (though that hardly excuses a Christian for employing it), but, when it is compared with the vast body of Elizabethan eulogy, from Sidney and Raleigh, among others, we can begin to see a pattern. Elizabeth is a supernatural goddess, not an ordinary ruler; in her boundless kindness, she intercedes for mercy with God; she is a perpetual virgin. In other words, to counter the Catholic reverence toward Mary, the Mother of God, Elizabeth's Protestant courtiers, with the queen's assistance, create the myth of the Anti-Mary, the anti-Catholic virgin queen of a universal earthly kingdom. The cult of the Anti-Mary reaches its highest expression in Spenser, who endows her with the powers of a magic kingdom in a neoplatonist universe of which Ficino, Pico, and Bruno would have approved.

By 1600, then, when Giordano Bruno was unwillingly lighting up Rome's *Campo dei Fiori*, the English state had, by political and poetical sleights of hand, made its own religion and installed the head of state not merely as pope but as god. This Elizabethan logic would take four centuries to play out, but the logic should now be clear to us, who live in a world in which American children must salute the secular flag but may not pray in school and where the European Union is willing to honor each and every religion but Christianity.

Hobbes called the state a "mortal god," but this mortal god is also a jealous god that would have no other gods before him, not the gods of hearth and home, the gods of friendship or philosophical principle, and certainly not the true God, worshiped by the Church. More recently, the mortal god has taken the next step, demanding the pure monotheism of Islam. There is no god but the state, and Rousseau is his prophet. A faithless man might be tempted to echo the Emperor Julian's dying confession, "Oh Apostate, thou hast triumphed," but Leviathan, though a monster, is a mortal monster, which can only sustain itself by feeding off the institutions of authentic human life—family, friendship, and the Church. Once the state has gobbled them all up, at least on paper—and that time is nearer than you may think—it will die of starvation, and we can begin again the slow and joyous progress toward the next Christian civilization.

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Truffles

by Catharine Savage Brosman

Such a temperamental food—changeable, that is,
deteriorating easily, and fitting thus a lovers'
dinner. Earthy too—in Paris, they are sold
still cradled in their soil, all damp and secretive,
suggestive of the body's appetites—and seasonal,
like love, but more autumnal, being mold,

a fungus, almost a disease . . . Good heavens,
are they really a comestible? But those who know
them swear by the sensation: what aroma
in their pulp, what taste when they are perfect!
(the idea of pigs' snouts, dogs', and compost
notwithstanding).—There on my plate it lay,

that tender truffle, once, with *pâté de foie gras*
and rounds of toast, intended to be savored
gracefully, enjoyed—a gastronomic jewel,
and more: epiphany, epitome of love. *Bon appétit.*
—Deep in his sea-blue eyes, a flavor
flashed and flamed. A bite, another bite, a kiss

across the table, more champagne. Thin coins,
they were, those moments of delight,
epiphenomena, mere flickers in a looking-glass,
or little tongues of fire on the river, silvered
by the setting sun, as twilight played
among appearances. The evening ended, wisps

of gustative remembrance on the wind,
and willow branches weaving in embrace. Now
I sometimes buy white truffles, tinned,
and serve them with a trout *au beurre*, my friends
exclaiming that the taste of love is there—
a luminance in flesh, the dark heart of the woods.

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by Philip Jenkins

Putting the Law in *Lawrence*

Though America's academics tend to the dyspeptic and hypercritical, on one day this past year, the campus mood was extraordinarily sunny. This past June, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Lawrence and Garner* v. *Texas*, declaring unconstitutional a law prohibiting homosexual conduct. In the eyes of most academics, *Lawrence* represented an act of liberation little short of the great desegregation decisions of the 1950's, and the celebrations were loud and obvious, all the more so since the Court had based its decision in part on professorial advice. Someone was actually *listening* to us?

Even among conservatives, opinions can differ on the outcome of *Lawrence*. A respectable libertarian view holds that government should have no role in private and intimate behavior of the sort at issue in this case, so, from that view, the decision was correct and overdue. Nobody, however, conservative or liberal, neo or paleo, should view the process that led to this decision with anything but alarm. If the justices had struck down Texas' sodomy law on plausible legal grounds, there would have been little cause for complaint. What the Court actually did in *Lawrence*, however, is exactly what it is often accused of doing, but which it rarely does quite as shamelessly or blatantly—namely, deciding that a particular reform is a Good Thing and then making up some spurious or fictitious grounds on which to justify the result. My academic colleagues should bear in mind that, if a centrist or liberal Court can act in such a partisan and capricious manner, nothing restrains a future conservative judiciary from behaving just as despotically. We all lost with *Lawrence*.

Much of the majority decision in *Lawrence* relied on a brief filed by a caucus of academic historians. Now, anyone who knows the academic profession knows that it has unabashed left-liberal political leanings, and, if any observer believed that this brief was going to be balanced or objective, he was deluding himself. Less surprising than the partisan nature of the brief, however, was that the Court bought it so entirely.

The brief—and the resulting decision—offers a phantasmagoric historical survey of the law on sexuality, which implies that homosexuality was not criminalized in America until the past few decades. The majority of justices agree that, "Far from possessing 'ancient roots,' American laws targeting same-sex couples did not develop until the last third of the 20th century."

> Throughout American history, the authorities . . . rarely enforced statutes prohibiting sodomy, however defined . . . Indeed, records of only about twenty prosecutions and four or five executions have surfaced for the entire colonial period. . . . early sodomy laws seem not to have been enforced against consenting adults acting in private.

Scattered among this amazing argument are some nuggets of fact. Undoubtedly, sodomy laws were loosely written and, at various times and places, were applied to many acts other than adult homosexuality. And quite likely, the enforcement of morality laws in any period is random and patchy. The historians' brief, however, is scandalously inaccurate. For one thing, its definitions shift kaleidoscopically according to rhetorical need. In 1646, for instance, a Connecticut man was executed for engaging in mutual masturbation with several youths, which one would think a convincing demonstration that homosexual behavior in private was rather frowned upon. Not at all, we are told. Sermon texts of the time are used to show that he was executed not for homosexuality but for interfering with the normal means of procreation, "frustrating of the Ordinance of marriage." The implication is that Connecticut would have dealt just as harshly with a modern condom user.

Nor should we place much weight on the observation that homosexual behavior resulted in few convictions. How many 18th- or 19th-century cases are there of what we today call *child sexual abuse*? They existed, certainly, but since they were not that numerous, are we to assume that this conduct was not stigmatized or that it should now be legalized? How about cases of corporate or white-collar crime? Were they any more frequent in colonial days than convictions for homosexual sodomy?

Any acquaintance with the social or legal history of early modern Europe or America shows that homosexual behavior in private, between consenting adults, could and did lead to capital punishment—including, in some spectacular English show trials, the execution of peers of the realm and one Anglican bishop. Though the modern idea of homosexuality as a condition or status only dates to the 19th century, long before that, it was quite easy to be convicted and punished severely for homosexual acts. In all its main tenets, the historians' brief is transparently false, and it is astonishing that the Court should have given it the credence they did. Ultimately, however, who cares? After all, the Court reached the Right Result: exactly as it did with equally tendentious historical misstatements in *Roe* v. *Wade*.

The best argument against the liberal decision of *Lawrence* comes from a rather unlikely source—namely, Franklin Roosevelt—who, in his second term, threatened to pack the Supreme Court in retaliation for its aggressively politicized conduct. Roosevelt declared that

> The Court, in addition to the proper use of its judicial functions, has improperly set itself up as a third House of the Congress—a superlegislature. . . . reading into the Constitution words and implications which are not there, and which were never intended to be there.

The President condemned "a judiciary so independent that it can deny the existence of facts which are universally recognized." Then, the malefactors were the conservatives; today, they are the liberals. And tomorrow? *Lawrence* v. *Texas* offers an excellent argument for curbing the superlegislature once and for all.

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A Monopoly of Violence

How the Tudors Helped Create the Modern State

by Samuel Francis

Contrary to the claims of a number of mid-20th-century historians of the Tudor age, the Tudors and their servants did not invent the modern state. The honor of, or blame for, that achievement properly belongs to the late 17th-century, the age of William III and the period following the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, when a series of new financial institutions—the National Debt, the Bank of England, modern fiscal and administrative measures—allowed a new and increasingly autonomous creature, the state, to spring into being.

What historian P.G.M. Dickson called the "Financial Revolution" of the late-17th and 18th centuries allowed the "state"—specifically, the permanent political and administrative organs of the British government—to emerge independent of the person and family of the monarch. It also allowed these organs to finance war (which created further demands and excuses for more state functions) and even to subsidize the military power of foreign states, which the British did for Frederick the Great and other allies throughout the dynastic conflicts of the century. And the financial revolution allowed for the emergence of a permanent bureaucracy independent of both the monarch and dynasty and the leading political figures who served the monarch, a corps of administrators who owed allegiance not to the king or queen personally or dynastically but to the abstraction of the state itself and whose monetary payment was independent of personal, dynastic, and ministerial vicissitudes.

These developments did not arise under the Tudors or obtain during (or after) their reign. The Tudor state certainly exhibited features that survived into its modern descendant, but, under their dynasty, loyalty was largely dynastic. Hence, long after the close of the Wars of the Roses, loyalties to clan and region rather than to the state or nation or even the dynasty persisted, and rebellions and conspiracies influenced by such loyalties continued to threaten the Tudor regime. Service to the "state" was largely service to the king or queen personally, not to a real state in the modern sense, except insofar as the monarch personified or symbolized it, nor to the nation. Hence, also, the problem of treason in the Tudor era, a crime explicitly defined in the 1352 Statute of Treason, the "Twenty-Fifth of Edward III," as it was known, primarily as murder or violation of the king or his immediate family, not as betrayal of the state or country (as in the definition of treason in the U.S. Constitution).

Nevertheless, despite the persistence of essentially medieval and indeed tribal political bonds and identities under the Tudors, certain essential features of the modern state did begin to appear, not only under the Tudors but even under their predecessors in the late Middle Ages. The extension of central royal authority over the geographically defined area of England and Wales and the development of various accounting and fiscal procedures within the central government were preconditions of the rise of the actual state two centuries later and have been retained to this day (with adaptations) in virtually all modern states. The Reformation in England, which, through the Act of Supremacy, made Henry VIII the "head" of the Church of England and thereby supplanted the pope, was a major step toward national political autarchy that separated England from the Catholic Church as well as from its secular extension, the Holy Roman Empire. And while the "nation" and "nationalism" did not yet exist in any clearly defined or accepted form, the ensuing conflicts between foreign Catholic powers in Spain, France, and the papacy and a domestic Protestant order encouraged the emergence of something like a real national identity in the last part of the reign of Elizabeth.

Probably the most important part of the modern state that arose under the Tudors, however, was the function that almost all such states have sought to develop and without which their existence and security remained questionable: the secret services that scrutinize, manipulate, and enforce loyalty. The very existence of these services under the Tudors and their successors and their continued use by governments today, even in what are pleasantly called "democracies," seriously calls into question the very concept of the "consent of the governed." What their existence suggests is rather that "consent" is in large part the invention of those who control the state apparatus and its extensions in the dominant culture.

The major reason for the emergence of these functions under the Tudors, for the first time in English history on a systematic basis, was closely connected to the instability that produced the Tudor dynasty itself. This instability was the result of two major forces in European society of the era.

On the one hand, what has been called "bastard feudalism"—a system under which, unlike classic feudalism, loyalty was given to a lord on the basis of reciprocal services rather than for land in return for service—enabled the upper levels of the feudal ruling class, the titled aristocracy of England, to construct large followings of "retainers," some of whom actually performed real work for their lords but many of whom provided service simply in the form of fighting, terrorization, and assassination. The existence of such vast private armies allowed the Wars of the Roses to take place and permitted the flourishing of what came to be called "overmighty subjects"—the heads of such families as the Nevilles, the Percies, the de Veres, the Staffords, the houses of York and Lancaster themselves, and others. It is by no means an exaggeration to suggest that an England in which such clans and their followers prevailed was rather like a modern society in which families like the Gambinos, the Bonnanos, and the Profacis might prevail. Indeed, the major recent historian of

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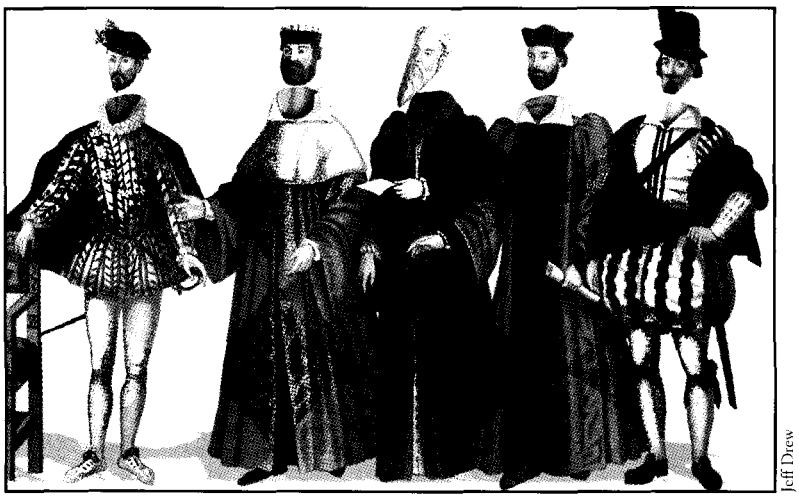
the Elizabethan ruling class, the late Lawrence Stone, suggested just such a parallel.

Describing a quarrel in the 1580's between Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, and a courtier named Sir Thomas Knyvett, which resulted in a series of duels and actual murders by either the two principals themselves or their followers, Stone wrote that, "Thanks to the studied neutrality of the queen, two great courtiers were allowed to commit murder after murder with complete immunity" and that the nearest parallels to Oxford and Knyvett in contemporary society are "Al Capone and Dion O'Banion, Bugs Moran and Johnny Torrio in the Chicago of the 1920s."

The second source of instability to which the Tudor apparatus of government was a response was the Reformation itself. Engineered by Henry VIII, his chief political minister, Thomas Cromwell, and his leading ecclesiastical advisor, Thomas Cranmer, the English Reformation was not actually Protestant in a doctrinal sense until well into the reign of Elizabeth. The "Henrician Reformation," as historians have called the original break with Rome, was non-Catholic mainly in the rejection of papal supremacy and of membership in the Church headed by the pope, but it did not definitively reject most Roman Catholic doctrines and, even as late as the Elizabethan settlement in the 1560's, remained intentionally equivocal about a good many major doctrines and liturgical usages. For obvious reasons, that was not sufficient for either serious Roman Catholics (who were probably a majority of the British population until well into Elizabeth's reign or even later) or the emerging religious persuasion that came to be called Puritanism. Both persuasions were eager to import their religious commitments into political affairs, either legally, when permitted, or extralegally. It was precisely this political involvement of religious sects—not their religious beliefs *per se*—that contributed to the instability of the Tudor regime and elicited the governmental response (in the form of persecution and the emergence of governmental domestic espionage) to the factionalism and conspiracies that each side produced.

The main goal of the Tudor dynasty was to establish order throughout their kingdom, which meant, of course, the stabilization of their own power and the reduction of the power of the "overmighty subjects" in the nobility. It is a myth long since exploded that the Wars of the Roses wiped out or seriously reduced the numbers of the nobility, since the death rate during the wars was not significantly greater than in other medieval periods. Henry VII, however, did seek to reduce the nobility both in numbers and power. While his predecessor, Edward IV, had actually increased the numbers of peers, Henry reduced it by some 25 percent. In 1489, near the start of Henry VII's reign, there were 20 noble families in the realm; at its end in 1509, there were only ten, and Henry created only nine new peers in his entire reign. He made use of peers in his council, but of the more than 200 councilors whose names are known today, less than 20 percent were from the peerage. Nor did he rely, as Edward IV had, on nobles for local government, and he deliberately set about turning the fortified castles of the country that had provided the bastions of aristocratic revolt into royal residences. Indeed, the Tudor period witnessed a notable transition in English architecture from militarily fortified castles to the country houses of the landed gentry and palaces of the upper nobles. One problem that Charles I had to face in the course of the English Civil War of the 1640's was that many of his aristocratic supporters no longer were trained or experienced in warfare.

Henry also made heavy use of legal mechanisms to break the power of the nobility. Every Parliament of his reign save one saw the passage of bills of attainder against nobles, measures that not only condemned the victim but also stripped him and his family of his land and property. There were 139 bills of attainder passed under Henry VII. The king also used fines and enforced feudal rights to reduce the financial independence of the nobility, and legislation in Parliament outlawed the practice of keeping armed retainers by overmighty subjects, a custom that lay at the root of aristocratic rebellion and violence.



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The main pillar of the Tudor regime, however, lay in the creation or development of the prerogative courts—courts that were authorized not by the common law but by the king's prerogative, the authority held to be inherent in the crown as opposed to what is granted by Parliament and the law. The prerogative courts were simply extensions of the king's council, the best known of which was the Court of Star Chamber.

Star Chamber today is a byword for arbitrary and unfair government procedures, but it was a highly popular institution under the Tudors. The justice it dispensed was normally fair, quick, efficient, and incorruptible, unlike that of the common-law courts, which were often dominated by the peerage and upper gentry. It did not have the authority to impose the death penalty, and there is no record of its ever having used torture for interrogative purposes, though some of the punishments it meted out would be considered torture today—whipping, the pillory, mutilation (especially cropping the ears), and branding.

The Star Chamber had authority over three types of cases: those involving riot and the breaking of the peace, including libel and slander; those pertaining to law enforcement generally, including perjury, subornation, false verdicts, and maintenance; and those dealing with the enforcement of royal proclamations, such as those against seditious printers.

The Star Chamber was not the only such court. Two others were established—the Council of the North and the Council of the Marches and Wales—to perform similar functions in northern England and the west, which at that time were very remote from the center of government. There was also a court called the Court of Requests, known colloquially as the Court of Poor Men's Causes, which was not a Tudor creation but had more or less evolved under Richard III. This court was similar to the Star Chamber in purpose and procedure but was cheaper and dealt mainly with the legal cases of people too poor to afford

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the Star Chamber and especially with cases involving landholding, which was a major issue in Tudor times. These prerogative courts today have a negative reputation and are often regarded as instances of Tudor despotism, but they did not acquire that reputation until at least the 17th century, when Charles I and his ministers made them notorious. Most of them were abolished in the English Revolution in 1641, but they were not regarded as tyrannical in Tudor times and did a great deal to extend royal authority and political stability in England in the 16th century. They tended to break the power of the nobility in two ways—first, by providing an alternative source of justice and order in the crown's machinery of government rather than in the courts and local institutions under aristocratic control; and, second, by extending the royal power into such remote localities as northern and western England and Wales, which had long been sources of aristocratic or regional autonomy.

> The Tudors did not create the modern state, but they did lay the social and political foundations on which modern states could be built.

Like the Tudor taming of the nobility, the English Reformation itself was largely the product of the dynastic preoccupation with stabilizing and perpetuating its power—specifically, of Henry VIII's need for a male heir—and was far less driven by religious commitment (on the part of the king at least) than by dynastic interests and the imperative to avoid a relapse into the Wars of the Roses. Nevertheless, thanks in large part to the systematic religious persecution of non-Catholics by Mary I, who inherited the throne despite her father's serial marriages, and the subsequent flight of English Protestants to more congenial locations like Calvin's Geneva, a serious English Protestantism began to flourish after the fugitives' return in the reign of Mary's successor Elizabeth. While the earlier Tudors had largely crushed the power of the overmighty subjects and pacified the nobility, it was left to Elizabeth herself and her mainly Puritan ministers—William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and Sir Francis Walsingham—to discipline the religious and ideological sources of disorder.

The emergence of both a Puritan and a Roman Catholic opposition to the Anglican settlement under Elizabeth allowed the Tudor state to portray itself as the *via media* between two extremes, but the political repression of religious dissent under Elizabeth was directed less at religious belief itself than at the political resistance it engendered. The most notorious measures were directed at Catholics, but Protestant dissent was by no means ignored. In the 1580's, when the first Presbyterian movement appeared and rejected bishops, the central pillar of the Church of England, Archbishop Whitgift launched a campaign of persecution that eventually drove the separatists either underground or out of existence, and, in the 1590's, several Protestant "sectaries" were executed.

By far, the greater danger to the Tudor regime came from Catholicism, despite what most historians insist was the loyalty of most English Catholics to the government. Elizabeth's policy toward Catholics was comparatively mild for the first decade of her reign, but several events combined to incite more restrictive measures. Mary Stuart, the deposed queen of Scotland and a dedicated Catholic who was also Elizabeth's cousin and the heir presumptive to the English throne, fled to England in 1568 and provided a focal point for a number of harebrained conspiracies aimed at murdering Elizabeth, placing Mary on the throne, and restoring Catholicism. Such plots were encouraged by the papal bull of 1570 that excommunicated Elizabeth and denied her title. In addition, in 1568, English Catholic priest William Allen founded a seminary at Douai, in the territories of the Spanish monarchy, to train priests for the reconversion of England. In 1569, the Northern Rebellion of the earls of Westmoreland (a Neville) and Northumberland (a Percy) succeeded in uniting the feudal rivalries of the Wars of the Roses with the passions of the Counter-Reformation. The explicit purpose of the rising was to depose the queen and restore Catholicism in England through the marriage of Mary Stuart to the duke of Norfolk, outwardly a Protestant. All these developments were sufficient to encourage the government to embark on extraordinary measures to secure itself from the perceived Catholic threat.

In addition to an enforcement of religious conformity that was reasonably mild for the period, the most distinctive means for countering the threat was the establishment of a secret service, probably the first such institution in modern history and the embryo not only of its modern descendant in Great Britain but of those of most other modern states as well. A distinctive feature of the modern state is its claim to universal loyalty from its citizens and its ability to enforce such loyalty, which means also the ability to create and manipulate allegiance when necessary and to determine the extent to which disloyalty flourishes. The means by which the Elizabethan regime accomplished these goals were therefore destined to become essential and universal features of the modern state when it sprang into being.

The principal architect of the Elizabethan secret service was Elizabeth's secretary of state, Sir Francis Walsingham. Educated at Cambridge, Walsingham was a devout Puritan who fled the country upon the accession of Mary Tudor and returned to become a protégé of Elizabeth's chief minister (until the 1590's), William Cecil, Lord Burghley. Walsingham also served as ambassador to France in the 1570's and was in Paris when the Catholic Guise faction with the connivance of Queen Catherine de Medici launched the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, in which some 3,000 French Protestants were slaughtered. The massacres did much to convince Protestants all over Europe (in particular, Walsingham, who hid French Protestants in his house at the time) that they and their religion could expect little mercy from Catholics who gained political power.

Like most of the rest of the English government, the service Walsingham constructed was never formal or bureaucratic in the modern sense. The agents he deployed or recruited were largely either his personal contacts or desperate and unsavory characters who performed their services for money and advancement. Because it depended largely on Walsingham's personal skills and knowledge, it virtually disintegrated after his death shortly after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, but, in the level of intrigue it practiced, the techniques of intelligence it used, and the ruthlessness with which Walsingham and his colleagues in the government pursued their

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goals, it established procedures that have served the modern state well.

Because of its informality, Walsingham normally paid his agents out of his own pocket (at a cost estimated by modern historians at some £2,000 per year) but was reimbursed (in theory, at least) by the queen. He employed four agents whose special duty was to identify Jesuits, any number of domestic spies, and special agents in various cities of Germany, Spain, Italy, the Low Countries, and Tripoli, Algiers, and Constantinople. It is doubtful whether any earlier government or any other of the era had an intelligence service on this scale. Walsingham seems to have preferred to recruit young men who were well educated and therefore able to insinuate themselves into the higher circles of English society and who would understand what questions to ask and how to mask their activities. By no means were all of the agents he used trustworthy. One of his earlier recruits was a gentleman who had served three years in prison for blackmail. Another agent who spied on the seminary at Douai had been expelled from it for insubordination but, after being hired by Walsingham, managed to talk his way back in and reported faithfully to his employer all that was going on there. Others included compulsive gamblers, con artists of one kind or another, and outright psychopaths who would say or do anything for the small sums Walsingham dispensed.

Undoubtedly, the most sinister character Walsingham employed was not an agent at all but a man named Richard Topcliffe, the chief torturer of the suspects who fell into the secretary's hands. Topcliffe liked to boast that the rack that he had invented and kept in his private home was far more painful than the official model in the Tower of London, and he apparently engaged in sexual fantasies while administering the tortures. He was also willing to take bribes from private persons to murder their enemies and was actually sent to jail for a brief time for refusing to return such money after failing to deliver.

Throughout most of his tenure in office, Walsingham sought above all to implicate Mary Stuart in a plot to assassinate or overthrow Elizabeth and thereby to contrive her execution. He rightly saw that her presence in England and her relationship to the queen was a perpetual source of conspiracy and instability. Even if Elizabeth died naturally (as she almost did from smallpox in 1562), Mary's inheritance of the throne would almost certainly return England to the Catholicism of Mary Tudor. Imprudently, Mary Stuart lent herself to the idiotic plots hatched by her adherents, and, by 1587, Walsingham had achieved his goal.

The centerpiece of the plot was a gentleman named Anthony Babington, who concocted a scheme by which he and a dozen other Catholics would help Mary escape her genteel imprisonment. He arranged a means of sending her messages hidden in the barrels of beer that were delivered to her on a regular basis, and, in one of these letters, he blabbered on about how he and his followers would deliver Mary from prison and, if necessary, provide for "the dispatch of the usurper."

Unfortunately for Babington, Walsingham had already recruited the individuals who carried these messages back and forth and knew all about the plot. The secretary had sufficient evidence to convict Babington but wanted incontrovertible evidence against Mary herself as well as more names of the men Babington claimed were his accomplices. He forged a letter from Mary to draw out more information from Babington and eventually rounded up the whole gaggle. Babington, after trying to turn evidence against his colleagues, was executed along with six others. Despite Elizabeth's reluctance to authorize the execution of a queen, her counselors contrived to get her signature on the death warrant for Mary. She was beheaded in February 1587.

The engineering of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots was probably Walsingham's greatest achievement, though it was not very different from most of the other operations the spymaster engineered. His use of informants and double agents, his skill in manipulating both his own agents and the targets of his operations through provocation and deception, his willingness to use criminal methods (including blackmail and murder) to obtain his goals, his grasp of the importance of remaining regularly informed as opposed to merely occasional intelligence-gathering adventures, and, above all, his uncompromising ruthlessness in both the pursuit of intelligence and the apprehension and destruction of his targets are all features of the far more professional, bureaucratic, and efficient secret intelligence and security services of modern states. As historian Thomas Mahl has shown, British intelligence itself used just such operations in trying to manipulate American public opinion into supporting U.S. entry into World War II, and the British use of disinformation and deception operations during the war against the Germans is today well known. The British, of course, are by no means the only modern nation to use such methods. The French, the Russians, the Germans, and, of course, the Americans themselves have followed their example, and, while the existence of such services was long denied by the governments that created them, today, virtually all states readily and publicly insist on their necessity.

The Tudors did not create the modern state, but they did lay the social and political foundations on which modern states could be built. Although much of what Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth I accomplished was carried out for their own power and their own survival, no other rivals of the day, Yorkist or Lancastrian, Catholic or Protestant, would have exercised power in any different manner, and what they accomplished, for all the brutality with which it was pursued, was undoubtedly a benefit to Britain and indeed to most of the Western (not to mention the non-Western) world. "The greatest triumph of the Tudors," writes Lawrence Stone,

> was the ultimately successful assertion of a royal monopoly of violence both public and private, an achievement which profoundly altered not only the nature of politics, but also the quality of daily life. There occurred a change in English habits that can only be compared with the further step taken in the nineteenth century, when the growth of a police force finally consolidated the monopoly and made it effective in the greatest cities and the smallest villages. In the early twentieth century even the lower classes lost the habits of violence which their betters had been obliged and persuaded to give up nearly three centuries before.

Stone, of course, wrote that passage in the mid-1960's, before the massive invasion of Britain and the West by non-Western peoples unsullied by the corruptions of modern states and civilization began to cause the unraveling of what the Tudors and their successors had achieved.

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Divided Loyalties, Misplaced Hopes

"Put Not Your Trust in Princes"

by Aaron D. Wolf

"By their fruits, ye shall know them," our Lord once warned. Too often, however, when it comes to the promise of power or the allure of success, Christians are easily swayed to align themselves with those who cry, "Lord, Lord," yet are, in Jesus' words, the "workers of iniquity." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Maybe, some might answer, if the briar bush uses such words as "pro-life," "compassionate," and "God bless"—he must be one of us. No, answers Jesus, "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit," and, no matter how many shibboleths are dropped, no matter how many platforms are affirmed, no matter how many endorsements from "our side" are proffered, we must witness the fruit.

Protestants have always affirmed that God places the sword in the hands of the king, who "beareth it not in vain," and, thus, we are bound to obey our leaders, to pray for them, and to render them service as unto God. The mistake comes, however, when we transform this obedience into blind loyalty to a regime or a party, resting our hopes for moral or spiritual renewal on men rather than on Christ and His Church.

The early English Reformers made this mistake, placing their trust in a man who, time and again, deceived them into thinking that he was on their side. When Henry VIII publicly eschewed the authority of the Roman pontiff—quite obviously to serve his own quest for power—pious men such as Robert Barnes and Thomas Cranmer, who had reached a similar conclusion on theological grounds, bet the success of the English Reformation on their hopes that the Holy Ghost was bound to be leading Henry to accept the other great theological affirmation of Protestantism, justification by faith alone.

After searching the Scriptures, Protestants in both Germany and England concluded that the pope had no jurisdiction over things temporal or spiritual outside of the diocese of Rome. They believed that the Church should be governed by local bishops. In matters temporal, however, local bishops were subservient to the king, who derived his authority from God Himself, according to Romans 13: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For . . . the powers that be are ordained of God."

Cranmer's replacement of papal supremacy (which placed the two swords of spiritual and temporal rule into the hands of the bishop of Rome) with *royal* supremacy was self-defeating and contradictory. The Augustinian separation of the earthly and heavenly cities, reiterated in Luther's "two kingdoms" doctrine, was distorted and even perverted in Cranmer's conception of royal supremacy, which took supreme power from one "vicar of Christ" and placed it into the hands of another.

To increase the power of the Tudor regime, Henry VII had arranged for his son Arthur to marry the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Catherine of Aragon. Shortly after their formal wedding, however, Arthur had died, leaving the alliance with Spain in jeopardy. Henry VII's solution was to seek an annulment for the brief marriage from the pope, in order that he might marry off his second son, Henry, to the young widow. Despite the constitution of a general council, Pope Julius II granted the dispensation from canon law.

Prince Henry had worried considerably about the legitimacy of the papal dispensation, and, at age 14, he registered an official protest. His fears would be realized when, by 1514, Queen Catherine had produced a stillborn daughter, a short-lived son, a stillborn son, and a premature son who also died. Henry believed that he had been cursed by God after the manner of Herod for marrying his brother's wife. Despite the birth of Princess Mary in 1516, Henry persisted in his tortured belief because of Catherine's repeated miscarriages and her inability to produce a male heir.

Henry had been devoted to Catholic orthodoxy as well as to the pope. One of his chief concerns during the early years of his reign had been the persecution of the Lollards, the followers of John Wycliffe (1330-84). The motive for reform in Wycliffe had been an austere sense of personal piety and obedience to God's Law. He rejected Roman sacerdotalism, transubstantiation, and papal supremacy. Eager to impress the papacy, Henry VIII ratcheted up the persecutions of anyone who could be judged guilty of Lollardy. Three of Henry's bishops, John Longland of Lincoln, Richard Fitzjames of London, and William Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury, became Henry's instruments of terror. Dozens were burned, and hundreds publicly abjured the teachings of Wycliffe when threatened with the stake. Cardinal Wolsey kept Rome informed of the king's efforts, and the pope was ready to consider conferring a title on Henry that would elevate him among his rivals, the "Catholic King of Spain" and the "Most Christian King of France."

Not long after Martin Luther posted the 95 Theses on the Castle Church door at Wittenberg in 1517, copies of the work began to appear at the London Steelyard. Tract versions soon surfaced at London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and Cardinal Wolsey informed Henry of the danger they posed to the realm. On Henry's command, Wolsey banned the writings of Luther in England and consigned them to be burned. On March 16, 1521, Pope Leo X praised Henry for his "zeal against Luther and for forbidding the introduction of [Lutheran books] into England." Nonetheless, the evangelical contraband continued to be trafficked, particularly Luther's scathing *Babylonian Captivity of the Christian Church* (1520), attacking the scholastic teaching on the Sacraments as contrary to the Gospel.

Henry was genuinely disturbed by Luther's *Babylonian Captivity*. Under his direction, Wolsey, with several bishops in his train, proceeded to St. Paul's under a golden canopy where, in

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the presence of 30,000 onlookers, he excommunicated Luther and his followers. Henry's former secretary Richard Pace, dean of St. Paul's, extolled Leo X for "the wisdom he had shown in dealing with Luther," and Bishop John Fisher preached a two-hour sermon condemning the Lutherans. Wolsey ordered the bishops to seize all Lutheran books within two weeks.

Over the summer of 1521, Wolsey began to make arrangements for Rome to accept officially Henry VIII's written denunciation of Luther's *Babylonian Captivity*. By summer's end, Henry's chaplain John Clerk presented Leo X with the *Assertio septem sacramentorum* (*An Assertion of the Seven Sacraments*), bound in gold. It contained a personal dedication written by Henry himself, complete with two poems. He then whispered to the pope that Henry was ready to take up the sword against Saxony. Leo patiently read the king's work, astonished that such a man, "occupied necessarily in other feats," could have the mental acumen to compose such a worthy theological treatise. A deft politician, Leo agreed to regale Henry's work before a full consistory, yet he made sure that the cardinals most likely to report negatively on the affair were absent, after which he issued a bull, bestowing on Henry the title "Defender of the Faith."

Continuing his crusade, Henry wrote to the princes of Saxony (most of whom sympathized with Luther):

> No faction was ever so universally pernicious as this Lutheran conspiracy, which profanes sacred things, preaches Christ so as to trample on his sacraments, boasts of the grace of God so as to destroy free will, extols faith so as to give license to sin, and places the inevitable cause of evils in the only good God. The poison is producing dissension in the church, weakening the power of the laws and of the magistrates, exciting the laity against the clergy, and both against the Pope, and has no other end than to instigate the people to make war on the nobles while the enemies of Christ look on with laughter.

Six years later, in 1527, Henry wrote to Luther, urging him to "prostrate himself before God."

At this very time, the Defender of the Faith began petitioning Pope Clement VII for an annulment from his "cursed" marriage. For two years, Clement stalled, hoping to find a solution that would please all parties, and this became the occasion on which Thomas Cranmer, a bookish, inconspicuous scholar, was launched into the arena of politics. In discussing his ideas on the King's Matter with Stephen Gardiner, Cranmer offered his opinion that the issue should be resolved by the universities of Europe rather than by the pope, who, in his opinion, had no mandate from Scripture to meddle in such affairs.

For Cranmer, this was a theological judgment; for Henry, it was a political maneuver. Recommended to Henry by Gardiner, Cranmer explained his thesis before the king in 1529. The king, said Cranmer, is sovereign over everything within his realm. In this, he was in general agreement with the Reformation in Germany. For Cranmer, however, the Church was also part of the king's realm. Thus, the future archbishop of Canterbury confused the City of God and the City of Man and made the Church subservient to the civil magistrate. Furthermore, by elevating the king to such a position of ecclesiastical authority (an authority both Cranmer and Henry despised in the foreign bishop of Rome), Cranmer bound his own conscience to obey the king in matters theological—even those with which he disagreed. Thus, he obeyed his earthly lord first by becoming chaplain to the Boleyn family, then by pleading the king's case in 1530 before the pope whom he despised. Ironically, Henry also sent Cranmer on a diplomatic mission to Saxony to determine whether the princes who had allowed such freedom to Luther would support Henry's cause. He also hoped that the University of Wittenberg would find in the king's favor, as had the universities of Padua, Bourges, and Bologna. Cranmer's diplomatic mission to Germany failed, so, in 1531, King Henry sent Robert Barnes to Wittenberg to seek the opinion of Luther himself.

Jeff Drew

Barnes was the least likely to succeed in such an endeavor. Since 1520, Barnes had been the champion of Protestant theology in England as the leader of a group that became known simply as "Germany"—Cambridge scholars, including Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, Nicholas Ridley, John Bale, and Miles Coverdale, who met regularly to discuss the theology of the German Reformation. For safety, they met at a tavern called the White Horse Inn, adjacent to the university. As an Austin friar, Barnes had enjoyed considerable freedom in preaching, as the monastery did not fall under the jurisdiction of the bishops. On Christmas Eve, 1525, however, Barnes forsook this protection by preaching at St. Edwards at Trinity Hall.

Barnes was tried before Wolsey, who, upon pain of death, required him to repent of teaching that "men ought not to plead their own merits before Christ." At the urging of Fisher and Gardiner, Barnes took a plea bargain, heaping faggots on a pile of burning Lutheran books. Ashamed of this concession, Barnes spent six months in prison before fleeing for his life to Wittenberg, where he lived with Luther and his wife, studied at the university, and served as assistant pastor in a Lutheran church.

In Saxony, Barnes drafted a precise treatise imploring Henry to reexamine the teachings of Luther and to reconsider his systematic persecution of the evangelical heresy in England. It was at this time that Wolsey's disciple in matters of the state, Thomas Cromwell, was made a member of the king's Privy Council. Tudor intelligence had revealed that Barnes, believed to have committed suicide in the Thames, was actually living in Saxony under the pseudonym Anglius. Cromwell informed the king, who sent agents to Germany to speak with Barnes regarding the possibility of an alliance with the Lutheran princes. There, they obtained a copy of Barnes' *Supplication to King Henry VIII*, which was brought to the king. Henry chose to ignore his objections to the Lutheran heresy contained therein because Barnes

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also argued for royal supremacy. Barnes was ordered to petition Luther regarding the King's Matter and to return to England under a royal safe conduct to report his findings. Chancellor Thomas More, however, made a clandestine attempt to have agents intercept him at Antwerp. Anticipating this, Cromwell hired his own band of highwaymen to escort Barnes.

When Robert Barnes arrived in London, he was greeted with charges of heresy by More, who accused the Austin friar of improper dress. (He was not wearing his habit.) Nonetheless, Barnes appeared before Henry, who was not interested in discussing the theology of the *Supplication*. What, he demanded to know, was the judgment of Luther regarding the divorce?

Barnes' response infuriated Henry: Luther challenged the king's protestation that God had cursed him by denying him a male heir. How did Henry know that God could not or would not yet bless Catherine with a son? And, furthermore, what gave the head of a household the right to besmirch the character of his faithful wife and innocent daughter? Luther also argued that the law of Christ forbidding divorce constrained the king; to disobey God would be far greater than to disobey canon law. Barnes was allowed to leave the king's court under his own power, and he quickly returned to Saxony.

Nonetheless, both Barnes and Cranmer continued to place their hopes for a genuine English Reformation on Henry, despite having proved himself an opportunist, willing to use their theological convictions to his political advantage. In this sense, they, too, became opportunists, thinking that to compromise by acknowledging the king as the "head of the Church of England, insofar as the law of Christ allows" was to secure an open door for the Gospel. Cranmer quickly lost control of his own life, being foisted into the position of archbishop of Canterbury for the purpose of declaring Henry's marriage to Catherine null and void. Instead of providing an open door, these actions galvanized the people of England against both Anne Boleyn and Protestant doctrine.

In 1535, Cromwell convinced Henry that, having cut himself off from Rome, the king should pursue a Protestant foreign policy. This appealed to Cranmer, who believed that all Protestants should form a loose confederation based upon their agreement on justification and repudiation of the pope. Barnes, still at Wittenberg, wrote to Cranmer that "the day of our visitation" is at hand. Soon, he was drafted by Henry as an ambassador to the Lutherans, and, on Christmas Day, 1535, England and the Schmalkald League exchanged emissaries. The Lutherans, however, quickly grew impatient with Henry's administrators, who focused nearly all their attention on getting the Germans to accept the king's divorce—a year before Anne Boleyn would lose her head. Still, in 1536, Henry, desperate to form some kind of alliance, loosely agreed to the Ten Articles, drawn up by Cranmer and loosely based on the Schmalkald League's Wittenberg Articles, which formed a defensive alliance with Saxony. Despite Barnes' and Cranmer's elation, this would prove no victory for the Reformation.

The dissolution of the monasteries was complete by 1539. With a great deal of newly accumulated wealth, Henry found himself in a position of unprecedented power. Charles V and Francis I had agreed to leave England alone, and he saw this as his opportunity to demonstrate Catholic orthodoxy to Europe, by sending a bill to Parliament "to correct abuses which have sprung from diversity of opinion and disputes over the Scripture, the use of which in England the King has sanctioned . . . "

On June 2, 1539, the Act of Six Articles, reflecting Henry's theological convictions, was passed. The first article affirmed transubstantiation; the second condemned communion under both kinds and affirmed concomitance; the third insisted that priests not be allowed to marry. The fourth observed that monastic vows were to be honored; the fifth reestablished private Masses for the living and the dead; and the sixth demanded that sacramental Confession be reinstituted. Those who violated these articles were to be burned at the stake or imprisoned.

Within two weeks, over 500 indictments for heresy were registered. After a public disputation with Gardiner, Barnes was burned at the stake along with two other Protestants, but, before they were rounded up for execution, the Privy Council insisted that three Catholic theologians imprisoned at the Tower be burned alongside them, so the execution of Barnes would not cause a Protestant backlash.

News of the Six Articles reached Saxony, and the Lutherans mourned the end of all hope for Reformation in England. Nonetheless, in 1543, Cranmer began work on a revision of the liturgy, which would become the Book of Common Prayer, reflecting the evangelicals' disavowal of both transubstantiation and the sacrificial character of the Mass. Cranmer kept it hidden until the death of Henry VIII in 1547 and the accession of Edward VI, the boy king whose keepers granted great freedom to Protestantism.

Cranmer's notion of royal supremacy ultimately led him to his own destruction. At the insistence of Edward's keeper, Northumberland, he participated in the attempt to circumvent Henry VIII's will by placing Lady Jane Grey on the throne in place of the Catholic Mary. Lady Jane ruled for nine days before Mary took her rightful throne. Before Queen Mary, Cranmer appealed to royal supremacy: "Methought it became not me . . . to stand against my prince therein." Cranmer was committed to the Tower for treason, where he remained for two-and-a-half years, before he was formally tried for heresy.

At trial, Cranmer again appealed to royal supremacy. When he asserted that "every king in his own realm and dominion is supreme head of the Church," Dr. Martin asked him if that meant that Nero was head of the Roman Church over Saint Peter. Frustrated and near madness, Cranmer affirmed it and went on to say that "the Turk, too, is head of the church in Turkey."

Between sentencing and execution, Cranmer, by his own theory bound to obey his (now Catholic) sovereign, signed six recantations. Before facing the stake, however, he renounced them, declaring that, "forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, . . . my hand shall first be punished: for if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned. And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine." Cranmer then left the pulpit and walked swiftly to the stake, where he thrust his right hand first into the fire, "crying with a loud voice, 'This hand hath offended.'"

Such is the fate of those who put their trust in princes. While royal supremacy seems a relic today, there are still those who think that the success of the Gospel or, at least, of moral renewal lies in the hands of politicians who pretend to be their friends but never seem to deliver on their promises. They must, instead, put their trust in Christ and His Gospel. Those who think that they are furthering the cause of Christ by ignoring the immorality of a tyrannical regime, while holding out hope that their elected king will someday champion their cause, should look at the hand that punched the chad and say with Cranmer, "This hand hath offended." ~c

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Thomas More's *Supplication of Souls*

The Prophecy of the Last Medieval Man and the First Modern Martyr

by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem

"*E' la morte di una civilizazione.*" ("It's the death of a civilization.") These were the words of the Vatican official who told me the following sad story at the beginning of September. It seems that, after the heat wave of August, hundreds of the cadavers of the lonely urban old folks of France were being kept in the city morgues. When their vacationing families returned, many of them reacted with amazement and resentment when they learned that they were expected to pay for the burial of their own dead. As the accurate, if historically tardy, judgment of the papal diplomat implied, these "loved ones" had left behind survivors who were, shall we say, the living dead. *"Vive la France,"* indeed. Read on, for the cheerless end of the story given here has a long prologue.

In his informative and consoling masterpiece of historical research *The Stripping of the Altars*, Eamon Duffy drew the conclusion that the most distinctive characteristic of late-medieval English piety on the eve of the 16th-century religious upheaval was the devout remembrance of the dead. There was not a monastery, collegiate chapter, parish church, or cathedral that did not have a daily round of Masses and dirges for the deceased; woe to the cleric who was negligent in this regard, for lay folk were devoutly attentive that not a single candle go unlit or one nocturne of the Psalter go unsung from the list of their endowed observances. Liturgy, however, was not the only expression of piety toward the departed. There were anniversary distributions to the poor, foundations of hostels and schools, pilgrimages, bridge and road building, all in suffrage of the deceased—and indulgences, of course, for all these public works. Moral instruction had the purifying and corrective penalties of Purgatory as a principal illustration, and iconography presented to the eyes of the faithful an intermediate state full of souls of all sorts and conditions, and even many a tonsure, veil, miter, or coronet could be descried in the fires.

Such "popular religion"—as the concrete charity and piety of Catholic Christians is called by those who do not believe in it or who see it, for the most part, as a necessary crutch for the unprofessional (that is, those not trained in seminaries or universities)—was purified, according to the usual account, by the Catholic and Protestant Reformations. Christian humanists and reformers turned to a practice of religion based on the Bible and the Fathers, freed of wild oriental and Celtic accretions.

St. Thomas More, whose credentials as a reform-minded humanist are beyond dispute, as his ironic *Utopia* bears out, could be expected to have provided a critique of the luxurious cult of the departed that flourished in his time. In any case, his good friend Erasmus could have. More's writings tell a different tale, however. In *The Supplication of Souls*, published in 1530, More has the robust, graphic, and morally concrete faith of a medieval man, and this perhaps explains best why he had to become a modern martyr. In this work, now felicitously back in print, the attentive reader will find that he was a prophet of both the means and the effects of modernity. His faith in the eschatological world to come infused his judgment with a seer's insight into the historical world to come that we—and not just the French urban proletariat—are "living" now.

In 1529, a certain Simon Fish (whom, perhaps, I may with some poetic justice claim as an ancestor, since I have some Fish ancestors who made it from England to South Carolina in the 18th century) published a pamphlet in the Low Countries entitled *A Supplication of Beggars*. In this work, intended for mass distribution in England, he speaks in the person of the beggars of England, made so because of the wealth and rapacity of the clergy. The beggars attack devotion for the dead as the source of riches for the friars and as the impoverishment of

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the needy. They call for a bill to deprive the massing priests of their means and, with the confiscated money and property, to aid the poor. More responds to the beggars' arguments, both theological and legislative, in *The Supplication of Souls*, itself written in the person of the souls in Purgatory. He offers not merely an apology for the dogmas of Purgatory and the priesthood but an argument *ex effectibus* for the old order and a prediction of the character and methods of the new. For the former, I refer the reader to his work, where a complete apology for these dogmas will be found. Here, I will deal with the latter, namely, his prophecy of what I have called the means and effects of the new social order that was beginning in his day and is now reaching its full development as, with breathtaking insincerity, it proclaims its own end in "postmodernity."

Fish's pamphlet is archetypally modern. It is a mass-media product that uses statistical arguments that are both based on and elicit emotional responses meant to determine the judgments of its public. More recognizes this approach and refutes it on its own ground, as the following passage bears out. His commonsense argument can serve as a model for the undoing of the positivistic, the inherently irrational, and the passionate "reasoning" of the social sciences:

> So let us begin where he begins, where he says that the number of such beggars as he pretends to speak for—that is, as he himself calls them, the "wretched, hideous monsters" at whom, he says, "scarcely any eye dare look," the "foul, unhappy sort of lepers and other afflicted people, needy, helpless, blind, lame, and sick, who live only on charity"—has by now so badly increased that all the alms of all the wee-disposed people of the realm are not half enough to sustain them, but that by sheer constraint they die of hunger. . . .
>
> If we were to tell you what number there was of poor sick folk in days gone by long before your time, you would be at liberty not to believe us. However, neither can he, for his part, set out before you a list of their names. So we must, for both our parts, be content to refer you to your own time—and not even starting from childhood (of which people forget many things when they get much older), but just the days of your good remembrance. And, doing so, we suppose that if the sorrowful sights that people have seen had left as great an impression still remaining in their hearts as the sight makes of the present sorrow that they see, people would think and say that they have in days gone by seen as many sick beggars as they see now. For as for other ailments, their incidence is, thank God, no higher than it was in times past. In fact, thirty years ago the number of beggars with syphilis was five times what it is now. If anyone wants to say that they see this otherwise, we will get into no big argument over it, since we lack the names to prove it with. But surely whoever will say the contrary will, we suppose, do so either just because they want to or else because the same thing is happening with their sight as happens with folk's ability to feel. Whatever pain folk feel right now, they whine at; but what they have felt in the past, they have more than half forgotten, even if they felt it quite recently. Which makes someone who has just a little blister on one finger think this suffering much greater than the pain of a big swelling that covered the whole had little more than a month ago. So that as for this point of the number of sick beggars having so badly increased so recently, although we will refrain from saying to him what we could say, we will yet be so bold as not to grant it to him till he brings in some better thing for his proof than his bare word for it.

In place of the anecdotal emotionalism of statistics, More offers the reality of the whole cosmos created by God as a refutation. This is a brilliant intuition, even though it is presented as simple catechism. Mass-media arguments assume only the reality of their audience, not the objective authority of the witness of the whole of reality. More's suffering souls speak:

> But surely if what he calls "all the world" is all that God ever made, then there are three parts of it that know the contrary. For we dare be so bold as to guarantee you that in heaven, in hell, and here among us in purgatory, of everything that this man so boldly affirms, the contrary is quite clearly known. And if by "the world" he means only persons among you who are living there on middle earth, he yet will perhaps find in some part of the world, if he conducts a thorough search, more than four or five good, honest persons who never heard any mention of the case. And of those who have heard of it and know much about it, he will find plenty—and in particular, we think, the King's Grace himself—who will affirm that of all which he has here in so few lines affirmed, not one is true; that they are lies, every one of them.

More sees in the attack on the veneration of the dead and on the property of the priesthood a cloak for the passions, the will to power, and the death of true charity. He turns to predict the effects that will follow in society if Mr. Fish's pamphlet were to attain its end, in a clear prophecy of the coming servile state. Here are the words that More's holy souls address to the "compassionate conservatives" of the 16th century:

> Now, some landowners may perhaps suppose that their case will not seem the same as that of clergy because they think that the clergy have their possessions given them for purposes which they do not fulfill, and that if their possessions happen to be taken from them, it will be done on that basis, and so the lay landowners are out of danger because, they think, such a cause or basis or perception is lacking and cannot be found in respect to them and their inheritance. Certainly if anyone, whether priest or lay person, has lands in the giving of which has been attached any condition which he has not fulfilled, the giver may with good reason take such advantage of that as the law gives him. But on the other side, whoever would advise princes or lay people to take from the clergy their possessions on the basis of such general allegations as that they do not live as they should, or do not use their possessions well, and would claim that therefore it would be a good deed to take them by force and dispose of them better—we dare boldly say to whoever gives this argument, as now does this beggars' spokesman, that we would counsel you to take a good look at what would follow. For as we said before, if this bill of his were put through, he would not fail to provide you soon after, in a new supplication, plenty of new

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meritless arguments that would please the people's ears, arguments whereby he would endeavor to have lords' lands and all honest folk's goods confiscated from them by force and distributed among beggars. Of whom there would, by this strategy that he devises, come about such an increase and growth that they could in a hasty, make-shift way [make] up a strong party. And as surely as fire always creeps forward and tries to turn everything into fire, so will such bold beggars as this one never cease to solicit and procure all that they can—the despoilment and robbery of all who have anything—and to make all people beggars like themselves.

Yet More's intention is not simply to frighten the propertied class and to gain its support of the clergy. He perceives that the coming revolution is rooted in the rejection of divine things. How many times and in how many places have his words been fulfilled to the letter, and in how many times and places to come!

> For once having destroyed the clergy, they could after that . . . with their false faith infect and corrupt the people, causing them to set the blessed sacraments aside, to pay no heed to holy days and fast days, to disdain all good works, to rant against and ridicule holy vowed chastity, to blaspheme the venerable fathers and doctors of Christ's Church, to mock and scorn the blessed saints and martyrs who died for Christ's faith, to reject and to deny the faith that those holy martyrs lived and died for . . . with contempt for God and all good people, with obstinate, rebellious attitude toward all laws, rule, and governance, and with arrogant audacity to meddle with everyone's money, everyone's land, and everyone's affairs that have nothing to do with them. . . . For eventually they will gather together and assemble themselves in bunches and in big crowds, and from asking go to just taking alms for themselves, and under pretext of reformation (telling everyone who has anything that they have too much) attempt to make new divisions of everyone's land and substance, never ceasing, if you suffer them, till they make everyone the beggars that they themselves are, and in the end bring all the realm to ruin, and this not without butchery and foul, bloody hands.

Thomas More's world—the world inhabited by the souls in Purgatory, longing for Heaven and resurrection as they benefit from the prayers and bodily works of the living, feel the consoling presence of the angels and saints, and rejoice that they have escaped eternal Hell—is a world of order, based on a hierarchy of participation and communion. The world he foresaw is the revolutionary world of private voluntarism and public manipulation fueled by the sensual appeal of the mass media—a world in which, as the psalmist says, "no one is left to bury the dead."

On September 3, 2003, at Thiais, in the periphery of Paris, in the municipal paupers' field, at a ceremony from which all media representatives were barred, the president of France and the mayor of Paris presided at a burial of 50-some old folks who had been overcome by the August heat of indifference and whose bodies had not been claimed. There were poems and Bach on strings, and the name of each was read out, already engraved in the large stone slabs over each one's grave—a state funeral, reserved only for heroes. The third of September is the feast of St. Gregory the Great, the Middle Age's principal patron of devotion for the dead. The poor, their rulers, solemn music, the absence of the cynical: Was all this a sign of hope or just a sign that the end has truly come? One thing is certain: St. Thomas More knows the answer. ☩

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Snatching VICTORY From the Jaws of Defeat

by Scott P. Richert

On February 7, the Washington, D.C.-based Center for Public Integrity revealed that it had obtained a draft of proposed legislation, officially entitled "The Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003" but referred to unofficially, as it made the rounds of Capitol Hill, as "PATRIOT II." CPI made a scanned copy of the act available on its website and issued a special report outlining the major provisions of PATRIOT II, including new restrictions on Freedom of Information Act requests regarding suspected terrorists detained by the federal government; similar restrictions on access to any documents filed with the Environmental Protection Agency by companies that use dangerous chemicals, because such documents are required to outline a "worst-case scenario," which, CPI noted, "the bill's drafters refer to as 'a roadmap for terrorists'"; the "creation of a DNA database on 'suspected terrorists,' expansively defined to include association with suspected terrorist groups"; the abolition of almost all federal consent decrees entered into by state and local law-enforcement agencies before September 11, 2001, because such decrees, which were ordered by courts as a result of "police spying abuses," could hamper terrorism investigations; the presumptive denial of pretrial release to those charged with terrorism-related crimes; and the expansion of measures allowing for the expatriation of terrorists.

The public response was swift and stunning. CPI's website was swamped with requests for the file; because of the number of measures targeting electronic communications—particularly, such things as encryption of e-mail—and removing restrictions on federal demands for information from private businesses, particularly internet service providers (ISP's), hundreds of "webloggers" published analyses of the proposed legislation.

Within days, the Department of Justice was claiming that PATRIOT II was merely a working document; within weeks, the proposed legislation was dead, marking perhaps the first major legislative triumph for the denizens of the web.

Many of the elements of PATRIOT II might not have withstood judicial scrutiny. For instance, in expanding the federal government's ability to expatriate terrorists, the bill, according to the Justice Department's section-by-section analysis circulated with the draft, would have made "explicit that the intent to relinquish nationality need not be manifested in words, but can be inferred from conduct"—a stunning reversal of American tradition, which has always required citizens to renounce their citizenship explicitly (by, for instance, accepting citizenship in another country). The legislation would have amended Section 349(a)(3)(B) of the Immigration and Nationality Act to allow expatriation of anyone "providing material support" to a terrorist organization (as defined by the attorney general—this could include, for instance, registered non-profit organizations in the United States), as long as that person provided such support with the intention of relinquishing nationality. How, short of an explicit statement, could his intention be determined? Well, the Immigration and Nationality Act would also be amended to provide that "The voluntary commission or performance of an act described in subsection (a)(3)(A)(i) or (B) [*e.g.*, a donation] shall be prima facie evidence that the act was done with the intention of relinquishing United States nationality." Note that the government would not even have to prove that the person realized that he was supporting a terrorist organization. *You gave money to a terrorist organization with the intention of relinquishing your nationality. How do we know you intended to relinquish your nationality? You gave money to a terrorist organization* . . . Such circular logic would likely have faced a court challenge.

Still, the popular uprising against PATRIOT II illustrated that judicial scrutiny is not the only roadblock that can be thrown in the path of the national-security juggernaut, and the victory encouraged activists to keep an eye out for similar legislation.

They found it in August, when Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-UT) began circulating draft legislation, cosponsored by Senators Jeff Sessions (R-AL), Lindsey Graham (R-SC), John Cornyn (R-TX), and Jon Kyl (R-AZ), entitled the "Vital Interdiction of Criminal Terrorist Organizations Act of 2003"—the VICTORY Act, for short (though you will search in vain for a "Y"). Besides implying that there is such a thing as a noncriminal terrorist organization, the proposed legislation took as its stated aims (in the titles of its sections) "Combating Narco-Terrorists Who Aid and Support Terrorists or Terrorist Organizations," "Preventing and Punishing International Money Laundering," "National Drug Sentencing Reform," "Protecting Children From Drug Traffickers and Preventing Drug-Related Violent Crime," and "Providing the Tools Needed to Win the War Against Narco-Terrorism, Drug Traffickers Who Sell to Children, and Violent Drug Traffickers."

While it is encouraging to see the federal government finally acknowledge the long-standing connection between drug-running and terrorism (particularly Islamic terrorism—both the U.S.-supported *mujahideen* in Afghanistan and the U.S.-supported Kosovo Liberation Army in the former Yugoslavia financed much of their operations through drugs), "the tools needed to win the war against narco-terrorism" turn out to be essentially the same domestic-surveillance tools that Attorney General John Ashcroft hoped to obtain through PATRIOT II. (The Justice Department denies that it had any role in drafting Hatch's legislation; great minds, it appears, just think alike.)

Title V of the VICTORY Act begins by adding drug trafficking to the list of "predicate crimes for authorization of interception of wire, oral, and electronic communications," and it ends with a directive to the U.S. Sentencing Commis-

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sion regarding narco-terrorism and drug trafficking, but the weapons wedged in between are useful beyond the drug war. For instance, Section 505 expands the definition of wiretapping to allow the monitoring (with a court order) of all wireless communications. Previously, wireless phones and computers were covered and, indeed, are even subject to roving wiretaps; this provision states that "the term 'wireless' means the use of electromagnetic waves (rather than some form of wire) to carry a signal over a communication path." Under that definition, presumably even wireless keyboards could be monitored and every keystroke recorded—which would provide a remarkable end run around having to obtain a warrant to examine the contents of a computer's hard drive. (Ironically, since September 11, the Office of Homeland Security has repeatedly claimed that unsecured wireless access points on computer networks present a potential terrorist danger.)

Many of the VICTORY Act's measures seem aimed at restricting the civil-libertarian tendencies of certain judges, effectively repealing the *Miranda* decision and gutting Fourth Amendment prohibitions against unreasonable search and seizure. For instance, Section 502 states that "A court may not grant a motion to suppress the contents of a wire or oral communication, or evidence derived therefrom, unless the court finds that the violation of this chapter involved bad faith by law enforcement."

Reviving a measure from the failed PATRIOT II, the VICTORY Act introduces the concept of an "administrative subpoena," which, as the Washington, D.C.-based Center for Democracy & Technology notes,

> is essentially a piece of paper signed by an FBI agent that requires any recipient to disclose any documents (or any other tangible things). [It] would also compel a person to give testimony, essentially forcing anyone to talk to the FBI. Administrative subpoenas are issued with no prior judicial, prosecutorial or grand jury approval.

That is just the beginning, however. Section 504 of the VICTORY Act provides that,

> If an administrative subpoena is issued under this section to a provider of an electronic communication service . . . or remote computing service . . . , the Attorney General may
>
> (A) delay notification to the subscriber or customer to whom the record pertains . . . ; and
>
> (B) apply to a court . . . for an order commanding the provider of an electronic communication service or remote computing service, for such period as the court determines appropriate, not to notify any other person [*e.g.*, the customer or subscriber] of the existence of the subpoena or court order.

Similar provisions would apply when administrative subpoenas are issued for financial records.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the VICTORY Act is the extent to which it enlists private citizens in the government's security work. Section 504 goes on to state that

> Any person, including officers, agents, and employees, who in good faith produce the records or items requested in a subpoena shall not be liable in any court of any State or the United States to any customer or other person for such production or for nondisclosure of that production to the customer, in compliance with the terms of a court order for nondisclosure.

Lawyers may debate at what point an administrative subpoena becomes a warrantless search (though that point would seem to be reached rather quickly when we are dealing with electronic communications), but ISP's and banks likely will not. As the Center for Democracy & Technology points out,

> Most—if not all—administrative subpoenas for records would be issued to third-party businesses to get information about their customers. The business has immunity for complying . . . and little incentive to spend its money challenging a subpoena for records that pertain to someone else. And since the business is prohibited from notifying its customer of the existence of the subpoena, the customer can never exercise his right to challenge the subpoena.

This last measure is similar to provisions found in the Cybersecurity Enhancement Act (CSEA), a section of the Homeland Security Act, which was passed by Congress in 2002. Before the PATRIOT Act, it was basically illegal for an ISP to divulge information about a customer or his activities online without being presented with a warrant. The PATRIOT Act, however, allowed an ISP to reveal such information if it had a "reasonable belief" that the information pertained to the commission of a crime. While that standard was considerably looser than the requirement of a warrant, it still provided some measure of protection, because a customer could sue his ISP for handing over information, and the ISP would then have to prove that it had a "reasonable belief" that the customer had committed, or was going to commit, a crime. Most ISP's, of course, would err on the side of caution and continue to insist on being presented with a warrant.

Under the CSEA, however,

> A person or entity may divulge the contents of a communication . . . to a Federal, State, or local governmental entity, if the provider, in good faith, believes that an emergency involving danger of death or serious physical injury to any person requires disclosure without delay of communications relating to the emergency.

What constitutes good faith? In this context, simply believing a federal, state, or local governmental entity when it tells you that the situation is an emergency. Under the VICTORY Act, an administrative subpoena, signed by the agent who serves it, will function as a "Get Out of Jail Free" card for the ISP.

As we go to press (October 8), the VICTORY Act still has not been introduced into the Senate, even though Senator Hatch was expected to do so in August or September, in conjunction with Attorney General Ashcroft's nationwide tour to drum up support for extensions to the PATRIOT Act. With a presidential election year fast approaching, Ashcroft's tour a failure, and former White House counsel John Dean recently comparing President Bush's team unfavorably to President Nixon's, Senator Hatch may have decided that the greatest victory may be no VICTORY at all.

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THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC: PART II—Audiotape— Dr. Thomas Fleming argues that "the philosophy of Bruno and John Dee is the philosophy taught in public and private schools today" and that "the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times is in fact the movement from a Christian Age of sanity and rationality to the hermetic neopaganism that dominates the world we live in today."
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WITCHCRAFT IN THE TUDOR-STUART STATE—Audiotape— Dr. Samuel Francis begins by asking whether there was such a thing as witchcraft at all in Tudor-Stuart England or if, in fact, it was a creation of a state seeking to exert more power over the lives of its subjects. He also explains the history of witchcraft and the legal and political background of witchcraft persecution in Shakespeare's England.
Tape #: RHS6 **$12.50**

THOMAS MORE AND PURGATORY—Audiotape— In 1529, Simon Fish published *The Supplication of Beggars*, which denies Purgatory and denounces the various liturgical practices tied to the doctrine. Father Hugh Barbour presents Thomas More's response, *The Supplication of Souls*, as a defense of praying for the dead built on the indispensability of these practices to Christian civilization.
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***TWO REFORMATIONS: THE TUDORS VERSUS THE PROTESTANTS*—Audiotape—** In his doctrine of royal supremacy, Thomas Cranmer wrested authority from the Church and placed it into the hands of a demagogue, asserts Aaron D. Wolf in this lecture that draws critical distinctions—in theology and motive—between the Protestant Reformation in England and on the Continent.
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MARY AND ELIZABETH: THE RELIGION OF A NATION *VERSUS* NATIONAL RELIGION—Audiotape— "Anglicanism is a national religion with a complicated history," asserts Dr. James Patrick. Beginning with the founding of the Anglican Church, he contrasts the Church of England with that of Rome, identifying the tensions between the latter and the commercial empire of Queen Elizabeth.
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The Great All-in-Agreement Debate

by Derek Turner

"Debate is masculine; conversation is feminine."
—A. Bronson Alcott

Do We Need Mass Immigration?
by Anthony Browne
London: Civitas; 153 pp., $16.00

Tomorrow is Another Country: What Is Wrong With the UK's Asylum Policy?
by Myles Harris
London: Civitas; 117 pp., $17.95

Overcrowded Britain: Our Immigration Crisis Exposed
by Ashley Mote
Petersfield: Tanner Publishing; 160 pp., £8.95

◆

Jeff Drew

For decades, a massive problem has been aborning in all Western countries: the increasingly difficult-to-ignore presence of ever-growing and restive ethnic minority groups alienated from the majority communities surrounding them. These disparate groups—emboldened by our enervation and in thrall to ethnocentric demagogues masquerading as "antiracists" and Marxists masquerading as compassionate liberals—are temporarily united against the perceived common Western enemy in a constant search for further privileges, more power, and expanded geographical and cultural territory at the expense of the native population.

Over long, depressing years, mass immigration has made daily life more difficult for everyone. It has undermined assumptions and institutions, endangered liberties, and threatens ultimately to overturn the balance of power—after which the constituent groups are likely to turn on one another, scrabbling for supremacy among the ruins of the West. Like mass tourism, mass migration often destroys what it comes to find.

The instinct of politicians—even "conservative" leaders who should be concerned above all with conserving their various nations' ancestral customs—is to refuse to confront this unpleasant situation. In this respect, they are no worse than other men, who are equally averse to confronting unpleasant truths—with the important difference that politicians presume to be problem-solvers and sages, far-seeing pilots guiding the ship of state into safe harbor by the leading lights of rationality and patriotism.

When it comes to immigration, the British center-right is unfortunately very much like the center-right in other Western countries. Across the drowning West, rank-and-file Tories, Republicans, Christian Democrats, Conservatives, and Gaullists can clearly see the problems associated with large-scale immigration. Yet their respective parties' leaders do their level best to ignore the question completely—either because they fail to comprehend reality or because they mistake pusillanimity for pragmatism and silence for statesmanship.

"Conservative" leaders know that their supporters feel very strongly about immigration—as do many left-wing voters, whose affiliation to the Labour cause is often mere family tradition or an understandable dislike of the free-market reductionism that came to characterize conservatism in the late 1970's and 80's. One might have thought that shrewd politicians would want to capitalize on this sentiment. Yet it never seems to happen, and successive Conservative administrations have effectively gone along with the left-wing consensus on immigration. Now we have a situation in which, under present trends, Britain, already one of the most densely populated countries in the world, is likely to add two million people to her population every ten years, quadrupling existing population growth.

No one really knows how many legal—let alone illegal—immigrants are in Britain. The census categories, a relatively recent introduction, are subject to constant change—and they omit illegal immigrants. Work permits, often to fill projected, rather than actual, vacancies, and student visas for colleges anxious to attract foreign monies are scattered like confetti. (One hundred seventy-five thousand work permits were issued in 2002.) The asylum "system" is clearly foundering—a blank check given by Britain to the whole world. Membership in the European Union means that Britain has to allow freedom of movement for all E.U. citizens. And ten more countries—all

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relatively poor and porous—are poised for membership in 2005. As long ago as 1995, there were one million illegal immigrants in Britain—and that was probably a low estimate. Today, who can guess?

However sincere a politician may be, there is always some reason why this issue should not be tackled—why "the time is not right"—and so the problem worsens exponentially. Many Conservatives, having been ideologically castrated, believe that immigration restriction is the equivalent of genocide. Individual M.P.'s occasionally break silence, but even they almost always backtrack and apologize, leading their followers like a latter-day Duke of York, up to the top of the hill and then back down again.

Perhaps we should charitably ascribe this unmasterly inactivity to lack of information. It is certainly true that figures about immigration are notoriously difficult to obtain—no one has ever thought them worth collecting. And not knowing the magnitude of the problem makes it easier to discount it as being one of imagination or mere prejudice.

Now, in the wake of these three books, two of which have been produced by an arm of the Institute of Economic Affairs, and at least one of which has been widely publicized, ignorance is no longer an excuse. Whatever politicians may say and do hereafter, they cannot claim honestly that they did not know the facts.

The first of these books to appear—*ergo*, that which attracted the greatest attention—is Anthony Browne's *Do We Need Mass Immigration?* Browne used to work for the *Observer* and the BBC and is now environment editor of the London *Times*. As befits a trained mathematician and a reputable journalist, his analysis is careful, thoughtful, and backed up by statistics. He also has a very useful asset when discussing such matters: He is half Indian. As he says, "my background . . . gives me a certain comfortableness about the concept and the issues." Naturally, all these advantages were not enough to save him from being accused of "bordering on fascism" by Home Secretary David Blunkett. Such unwarranted excitability bears testament to the emotions raised by race, especially among those who (laughably) consider themselves to be open-minded and liberal.

For a number of reasons, then—including Browne's genuinely liberal politics and his attractive humor ("[Low fertility] makes for perfect newspaper scare stories, some of which I have written myself")—Browne's book, of these three, may have the greatest impact. The occasional repetitiveness, the minor typos, and a few eyebrow-raising statements—do Canada and Australia *really* "react strongly" against illegal immigrants?—do not detract from its manifold strengths. With its solid economic reasoning, compassionate realism, and pointed yet light style, *Do We Need Mass Immigration?* is rather like a British version of Peter Brimelow's *Alien Nation*. It consequently deserves the widest possible circulation, and it is, therefore, a pity that the production values are a little pedestrian. As Browne says, immigration "is the biggest debate of our age, and yet a non-debate: officially everyone agrees." If race relations are ever to improve, what he calls "this startling consensus" needs to be broken wide open to ensure that immigration—and immigrants—are given at least some democratic legitimacy.

Browne pinpoints the strange coalescence of interests between otherwise unlikely bedfellows: big business, which wants to depress wage levels and defer expensive retraining or technological innovation; wealthy individuals, who want cheap household labor; an ever-growing number of universities that want fee-paying students; ethnic lobbyists, who want to expand their respective communities and power bases; far leftists, who fear "racism" and who secretly despise Britain; and, of course, the immigration lawyers, civil servants, counselors, and organized criminals who batten leech-like on the bloated carcass of good intentions.

Browne highlights the contradictory stances taken to justify immigration, many of which, he notes, are *post facto* arguments promulgated the more shrilly as public unease deepens. He points out that immigration has not been numerically significant in British history. He shows that there is no "demographic timebomb" and, therefore, no need continuously to import youthful workers to support future pensioners; indeed, excessive immigration may actually deter indigenous women from having babies themselves, as it increases the cost of living and heightens social uncertainty. And—to make an impeccably liberal point—he reminds us that stealing the brightest and best from other countries amounts to sabotaging the Third World, whose abasement will therefore be both worsened and extended.

Browne denounces the Conservatives for abolishing passport exit controls and for being "so paranoid about accusations of racism that [the Party] has refused to comment on any issues relating to immigration." He denounces the Labour Party for abolishing the primary-purpose rule (which made it more difficult to form marriages of immigration convenience) and for signing on to open-ended human-rights legislation, which, he notes, makes it almost impossible to deport illegal immigrants and gives, *inter alia*, all immigrants with serious diseases the right to stay in the United Kingdom and to receive free treatment from the National Health Service for the rest of their lives.

Although Browne does not say that Labour strategists may be privately motivated by a desire to increase their pool of voters, he does know that some immigration apologists are motivated by a desire to diminish Britishness. He recognizes that Britain does not have a moral duty to allow immigration and that it is unfair to blame former imperial powers for problems in countries that have been independent for decades. Such subconsciously patronizing attitudes could actually be interpreted as "racist."

Browne promotes remedies that borrow from both left and right: more money for the Third World to address the glaring inequalities that make Third Worlders want to become First Worlders; better targeting of aid; ending tariffs against Third World producers; exchanging knowledge and information (although presumably not nuclear technology!); tighter controls on work permits and "family reunions"; tightening up benefits (which will entail an I.D. or "entitlement" card); and effective and rapid deportation of illegals. Browne's "future perfect" would be a world without borders, but only when global living standards are so much more equal that there is less incentive to move *en masse* from one area of the world to another. This section of the book is somewhat sketchy and ends rather abruptly—although the reader will understand that this is an academic *tour d'horizon*, not a policy document or work of literature.

Browne's *desiderata* are similar to those espoused by the splendidly named Ashley Mote, whose book is a more conservative and more romantic version of Browne's. Mote is a well-known figure on the Euroskeptical right whose experience as a scriptwriter and author are evident in this well-written and courageous broadside.

Mote's much more specific list of proposed reforms adds such traditional-

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ist proposals as compulsory teaching of British constitutional history; compelling future immigrants to learn English and swear allegiance to the Crown; closing down the Commission for Racial Equality and repealing all race legislation; encouraging voluntary assisted repatriation; expelling first-generation immigrants convicted of serious crimes; and withdrawing from the European Union. (Arguably, Mote places too much emphasis on the European Union; although E.U. membership certainly has not helped Britain formulate sensible immigration policies, it is a symptom of national angst, rather than the disease itself.) Mote's future perfect would not be a borderless one, yet, in other respects, honest liberal and honest conservative have a great deal in common on this topic.

Ashley Mote addresses several issues that Browne omits or skims over—notably, the European Union, Islam, and the fertility and crime differentials among different ethnic groups—and has many intelligent and interesting things to say on these and other topics. He includes many well-chosen vignettes and snippets of recondite information. I did not know, for instance, that, shortly after Jamaica gained independence, criminal courts in Kingston offered second- and third-time offenders the choice of long-term imprisonment or assisted travel to the United Kingdom to live. As Mote observes dryly, "Not a difficult decision."

One minor criticism: Mote often uses the term "far right" as though it means something precise, whereas it is actually a moveable feast, covering a multitude of sins against today's orthodoxies, some venal, some venial, some real, some imagined. He does know this, since at one point he refers to "the so-called far right." Elsewhere, however, he uses the term without the necessary quotation marks.

Mote and Browne likewise have a great deal in common with Myles Harris, who is both a practicing physician and a journalist. His long experience of working in Third World hospitals, combined with his writing skills, make *Tomorrow Is Another Country* a devastating critique of the contemptible cowardice and foolishness of successive governments, which have allowed, and are continuing to allow, the scandalous racket that is the asylum "system" to continue unchecked until, as he says, the Britain of tomorrow may well be another, non-British, country.

In 1989, there were just 4,000 asylum-seekers. By the middle of the 1990's, there were about 30,000 per year. The first big leap came in 1999, when 71,160 people (93,000 if we include dependents) sought asylum in Great Britain. In 2000, there were 76,000 applications—100,000, including dependents. One hundred ten thousand, seven hundred people sought asylum in the United Kingdom during 2002. Of these, 96,000—88 percent—are still in the country. Those awaiting adjudication of their claims exist in a legal limbo. If turned down (only ten percent of claims are deemed genuine), they can make a series of appeals, often at taxpayer expense. Once all legal expedients have been exhausted, immigrants often draw benefits while working cash-in-hand, waiting for the deportation police to knock on the door—a knock that hardly ever comes, at a cost of £38,000 per deportation and a political price that no mainstream politician is presently prepared to pay.

Those who are targeted for removal will almost certainly be able to count on the uncritical support of their fellow countrymen or coreligionists, politicians who want to attract the relevant ethnic vote, charity workers who want to maximize their own importance, far leftists who see each "refugee" as a human battering ram against the West they hate, a sharp lawyer or two, and maybe even tear-jerking petitions organized by kindly old ladies who believe young Rashid's or Ivan's colorful stories implicitly. In April 2001, the government admitted it had "no idea" how many unsuccessful asylum-seekers remained in the U.K.; the estimated figure was 300,000. On average, only 12 percent of asylum-seekers are removed. And those who are expelled can come back and try it all over again.

Harris does not blame Second or Third Worlders for fleeing "the persecution that comes with poverty" or wanting to live in a country where there is the rule of law—albeit by breaking the law the moment they arrive in Britain. He does wax indignant about the Human Rights Act, an especially dim-witted piece of legislation that has thrown "the legal equivalent of a can of petrol onto the flames of mass migration." He is the only one of these authors well informed or audacious enough to discuss the genetic similarities of European peoples and to remind us that Britain "for nearly 2,000 years remained as racially separate as Polynesia." He goes on to give us an excellent potted history of postwar immigration. Harris draws evocative parallels between the fate of Rome and the possible fate of Britain as foreseen by the haunted Enoch Powell. He gives us plenty of really useful figures, such as the Immigration Services Union's 1998 estimate that asylum cost Britain £2.1 billion per annum, the equivalent of one percent on the income tax—after which the number of asylum-seekers has almost doubled.

An interesting postscript to the Harris book is an ingenious essay by British theologian David Conway, who asks whether nationalism and classical liberalism are mutually exclusive. His conclusion is that they are not only compatible, but inseparable—that classical liberalism could never have emerged had it not been for the specific national qualities and experiences of England and America. He goes on to discuss some of Ludwig von Mises' views on immigration, such as how immigration undermines liberalism and why multiculturalism endangers British and American liberties by endangering British and American national existence.

Reading these books is, in some ways, depressing. They are a painful reminder of just how irresponsible "responsible" politicians have been, and for how long. They remind us just how close Britain is to a non-British, non-Western future—and what broken reeds of politicians we must rely on to help us avoid disaster.

Still, there are reasons for hope, and these courageous books are three. Another reason is the existence of the think tank Migration Watch, which has had considerable success at getting some of the facts about immigration into the public domain.

Admittedly, the proximate impetus for change will probably be the recent electoral successes of small populist parties. Where politicians are concerned, the prospect of being politically hanged will concentrate their minds more than any number of analyses. Perhaps the rough auxiliaries of the small parties will force the mainstream parties publicly to reform their immigration policies.

Yet even if they do, the political class is not sincere or determined enough to put any new policies into effect. A genuine change of heart and wider knowledge of the disquieting facts will need to come before any real action is taken, and it is in achieving these goals that these ground-breaking books will come into their own.

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Contemporary Assumptions, Moral Judgments

by Christie Davies

Social Life and Moral Judgment
by Antony Flew
New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction;
179 pp., $34.95

◆

Antony Flew is one of Britain's most lucid analytical philosophers and the most skilled demolisher of the myths of social justice that his country has ever produced. His new book, published in the United States, should prove of great interest to Americans as well as to his compatriots and will be valued by traditional conservatives and enthusiasts for the free market alike.

As in his earlier work on crime and disease, Flew confronts those social determinists who, using the language of science, seek to excuse deviant behavior. He shows with great clarity that these people confuse physical causes with moral ones that work through individual choice; we can never say of a person's actions that it was physically impossible for him to act other than as he did. Flew further develops this argument to demolish the central theses of the overrated American socialist John Rawls.

I had not realized before Flew drew my attention to it that Rawls believed that no human qualities or virtues whatsoever deserve reward but are entirely arbitrary from "a moral point of view." For Rawls, even the "willingness to make an effort" is "dependent upon happy family and social circumstances." In Rawls' view, the possession of virtue is merely one more undeserved inequality needing redress. Rawls might well wish virtue to be rewarded for expedient reasons, but how is it possible to do so if no one believes that such a reward is deserved and not merely an arbitrary imposition? In Rawls' world, all are justified sinners. Rawls claims that his view of humanity allows equally for a private-property, free-market, or socialist economy. Yet, as Flew shows, it is difficult to see how his views are compatible with anything short of complete socialism, since nothing less could give reality to his speculative fantasies. Unless all property and incomes belong to the state, what is the point of considering how they might be reapportioned? Flew demonstrates that to put the word *social* in front of any term is to deprive it of its true meaning (*e.g.*, a "social worker" is not a worker, "social democracy" is not democracy, a "social market economy" is not a market economy, "social justice" is not justice, *etc.*)

Flew's arguments concerning social causation are essentially conservative ones (or have conservative implications), and he bolsters them with American as well as British examples. Flew is particularly strong on aggregate "inequalities" in health and longevity, which, he shows, are more the result of the choices individuals make than of differences in wealth and income. Interestingly, he chooses to illustrate this point by reference to the far higher death rates in godless Nevada than in pious Utah: The wages of sin—in a very literal sense—is death. No doubt some would object that it is the communal nature of the churches and their moderation, by tithing and charity, of inequalities among individuals that make Utah healthier than Nevada. If so, Flew—who regards such associations as churches and families as voluntary associations for human betterment (the antithesis of a compulsory state-welfare system)—would probably agree with them. Indeed, he repeatedly stresses that the single greatest social factor that positively correlates with a person's chances in life is to have had parents who remained married throughout his childhood. Here, in a sense, is the central paradox of the welfare state: Attempts to compensate those who have lacked this particular advantage tend, indirectly but massively, to increase the numbers of those who are thus disadvantaged. To put it bluntly: The more welfare, the more bastards. Perhaps even more significantly, Flew shows that it also works the other way round, the taxation system having induced not only a declining incidence of marriage but a falling birthrate within marriage.

Flew uses his analytical skills to demolish what has become dogma in both Britain and America—namely, the idea that it is not possible to make distinctions of quality among cultures. The complexity of cultures and the arbitrariness of value judgments give this notion a certain plausibility. However, Flew presses the point that some cultures are demonstrably far superior to others when viewed *instrumentally*. Regardless of whether we can judge them for what they are *intrinsically*, we can rank them in terms of what they make possible. While Flew wins the argument, however, he has almost certainly lost the debate in respect of a question on which Britain has become even more close-minded than America (as a careful reading of Flew's endnotes makes clear). The persecution of Ray Honeyford—who was forced out of his job as headmaster of a school in an area of Yorkshire with a large Muslim population on account of a culturally frank article he had written—and the subsequent suppression of his book attacking the Commission for Racial Equality demonstrate the fact clearly.

Still, Professor Flew deserves congratulations for having added yet another book to his shelf of clearly written, hard-hitting works that demolish the compulsory assumptions of our times.

Christie Davies is an emeritus professor of the University of Reading in England and author of the forthcoming The Strange Death of Moral Britain.

Mildred Indemnity Always Twice Pierces the Double Postman

by J.O. Tate

The Postman Always Rings Twice, Double Indemnity, Mildred Pierce, and Selected Stories
by James M. Cain
New York: Everyman's Library;
594 pp., $23.00

◆

The sheer inanity of so much fiction today sends us necessarily to the past, and not always to Balzac and Trollope. If we are looking for something readable and American and modern, then this gathering is just the thing. Indeed, for sheer readability (if not for the finest quality), James M. Cain is hard to beat when he is on a roll, as he unquestionably was in his three most famous novels.

Eyeballing them today requires a bit of cultural context, and, by that, I mean more than understanding that, when Cain was writing, moral fables were not

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necessarily construed in an inverted manner. Born in Annapolis in 1892, Cain was a veteran of World War I, that watershed that separated the old culture from the new "disillusioned" tone. Cain's hard-boiled manner was a political statement, as was Hemingway's. I also mean that we would need to know that Cain was a sophisticated, educated man, the son of a college president and a professor himself, as well as the managing editor of the *New Yorker* in 1931, before, as a journalist, he relocated to the West Coast and was hired on as a Hollywood hack. Cain's Hollywood career was not much, but what he wrote otherwise in California was something else. This volume contains the best of it, with one possible exception.

The imaginative extension of journalistic experience set him up for his most striking creations, for both *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1934) and *Double Indemnity* (1936) were inspired by the Snyder-Gray murder case, notorious in New York in 1927-28. The phrases that became his titles were derived from the coverage of the trial and transferred in Cain's imagination to California. The confessional nature of both of these narratives is striking, particularly in view of what was later developed from the first of them.

Before *Postman* had completely hit the cycle—as a hardbound; paperback; Broadway play; and a 1946 Hollywood movie starring John Garfield, Lana Turner, and Cecil Kellaway—it had already made a notable impact in Europe (and that is a lot to say about an American novel). The first adaptation of *Postman* was French (*Le Dernier Tournant*, Chenal, 1939), though Visconti's Italian version (*Ossessione*, 1942) is better known today. Even better known today from 1942 is *L'Etranger* by Albert Camus, also modeled on Cain's utterly American *Postman*. The existentialist sense of absurdity and doom, denying traditional values as well as Frank and Cora's love and Frank's concluding request for prayers, seemed at home on the North African littoral, which is not so far removed from California. James M. Cain did more than entertain the masses; he touched a nerve with artists and intellectuals in a way that united the worlds of low and high culture. He continues to do so today, and not only as the object of academic or literary discourse, as the present volume indicates. He has cast a long shadow on the world of popular culture, as we know from the remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981): an attempt at a reconstruction as a costume movie that has the dubious distinction, as these rehashes go, of being the one in which the postman rings once. Nevertheless, we can see that, for Cain, who inspired at least four films in three countries and one major literary response with his first novel, *le facteur sonnait toujours beaucoup de fois.*

Double Indemnity had a very different fate as a property, for Raymond Chandler's and Billy Wilder's screenplay (1944) was actually a decided improvement on the novel. The impact of *Double Indemnity* has been diffuse but powerful, as in *Body Heat* (1981), as well as in several other neo-noirs in which the lustful male victim is deceived by the *femme fatale*. When Kathleen Turner intones, "You're stupid. I like that in a man," we know we are in the land of Cain. The original Phyllis of Cain's imagination, who prepares for death "with her face chalk white, with black circles under her eyes and red on her lips and cheeks," is a *femme fatale* right out of Mario Praz's *The Romantic Agony*. Today, that type is broadly regarded as a feminist role model, so Kathleen Turner gets away with everything.

Mildred Pierce (1941) is different—extended, focused on a woman's struggles, and written in the third person. Cain found strength in surprise when his previous narrators said and did things that were surprises to themselves. *Mildred Pierce*, it seems, surprises her creator and, therefore, the reader. If her book reads like a house afire, that may be because the book has no idea where she is going, anymore than she does. Again and improbably, the 1945 film, adapted by Ranald McDougall and directed by Michael Curtiz, is actually superior to the book from which it was derived.

Robert Polito, who wrote the Introduction to this collection, has chosen to include five of Cain's early stories, and I am glad I read them. They are interesting works, as we see Cain practicing writing and rehearsing motifs, but they do not have the lift of his best works. I would have preferred to see, rather than the five stories, the whole of *Serenade* (1937), an outrageous concoction and one close to the heart of its creator, who had an abiding obsession with singing that is here made fully explicit. Joyce Carole Oates, of all people, once wrote a stirring response to it.

As it is, however, this is certainly a volume that challenges us to find its equal today in terms of sheer basic appeal. Cain's open secret was, and is, to make you want to know what happens next and then, in unvarnished language, to surprise you. This is, needless to say, rather the opposite of the strategy practiced by so many today, which is to make you not want to know what doesn't happen next and then, in flowery language, not to surprise you. James M. Cain can still hook his readers—indeed, he may alienate them from their families. Even now, such readers are likely to say to intrusive relatives, "Can't you see I'm reading?" I like that in a book.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

A Faithful Life

by Katherine Dalton

Memoirs of a Swedish War Nurse: A Life of Adventure, A Journey of Spirituality
by Karin Wiking, as interviewed by Lois Lindstrom
Waldoboro, Maine: Goose River Press; 144 pp., $16.00

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In 1994, Lois Lindstrom, an American, moved to Stockholm. There she befriended Karin Wiking, then in her early 70's, and from their regular conversations grew this very personal book about Mrs. Wiking's life and experiences.

Like so many others during and right after World War II, Wiking ably served her country and the dispossessed of several others. As is the case with nearly every war memoir, her stories are both gripping and moving. A capable woman of great charm and resources, Karin Wiking became acquainted with several great Swedish figures from the period, including Count Folke Bernadotte (assassinated while working as the U.N. mediator in Palestine in 1948); physician Axel Munthe, author of *The Story of San Michele*; and Jüssi Bjoerling, the operatic tenor. She was also acquainted with Mother Teresa, whose order Wiking has supported through prayer groups and letter-writing for 25 years.

Karin Wiking's life has been interesting and, at times, tragic, but what comes across most compellingly in this interview

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is her great sense of purpose and faith.

Contributing editor Katherine Dalton lives on a farm in New Castle, Kentucky.

Ain't Goin' Nowhere

by Scott P. Richert

Dispatches From the *Muckdog Gazette*
by Bill Kauffman
New York: Henry Holt and Company; 207 pp., $22.00

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A decade ago, a friend of mine was working for a prestigious law firm in Washington, D.C., which had decided to institute a "paperless" office. The process would take a couple of years; in the interim, to smooth the transition, every form had to be filled out three times—and each time in triplicate. (It was astonishing, my friend remarked, how many trees had to die in order to save paper.)

The process was overseen by a highly paid consultant, who demanded that the staff attend weekly meetings, which often ran most of the day. During a break from a particularly long and brutal session, my friend asked the consultant, whose business took him all across the country, about his travels.

"It must be hard to be on the road so much."

"Well, I've gotten used to it. Of course, every city now pretty much looks the same; sometimes, I forget where I am. Today, every place looks like Cleveland."

My friend, who had grown up on Long Island, began to commiserate, railing against the chain restaurants and big-box stores that are uprooting the last vestiges of local cultures and local economies. Pausing to catch his breath, he noticed the consultant looking at him, perplexed. "You don't understand," his interlocutor replied. "I like Cleveland."

Embarrassed silence, as the gulf grows to infinite depth.

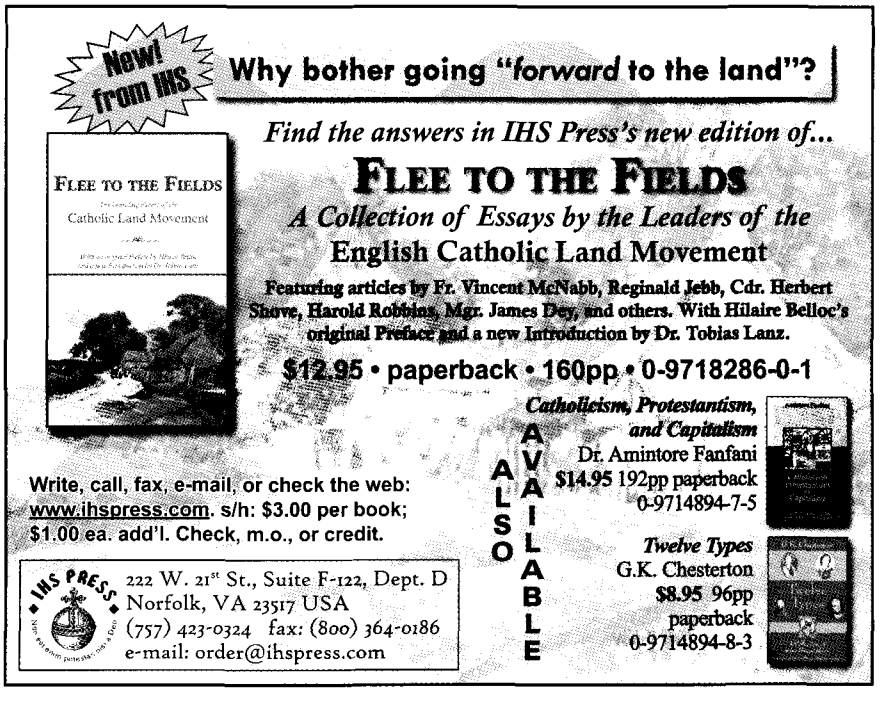
Every place like Cleveland: Not the real Cleveland, of course, the old industrial armpit of the Midwest that repeatedly managed the miraculous feats of turning Cuyahoga River water into fire and reducing the multitude of fish in Lake Erie to none, but the new, sanitized, Gap-and-Outback Steakhouse-and-Wal-Mart Cleveland, whose only tenuous connection to its past is the ABC/Disney *Drew Carey Show*, filmed on a Time-Warner lot in Burbank, California. In modern America, there are those who admire the "Cleveland success story" so much that they want to see it spread everywhere, and then there are the few of us who are willing to let Cleveland be Cleveland (even the new, "improved" Cleveland), as long as Cleveland is willing to let Rockford be Rockford and Batavia be Batavia.

Bill Kauffman is one of the latter. In his new book, *Dispatches From the* Muckdog Gazette, Kauffman provides a nonfiction account of the story he told in his earlier novel, *Every Man a King*, of returning to his hometown of Batavia, New York, after time spent in exile in Sodom-on-the-Potomac, where he was an aide to the late Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan. (Kauffman repeatedly expresses regret for having made the autobiographical hero of his novel sexually dysfunctional; methinks he doth protest too much.)

Readers who have enjoyed Kauffman's writing in *Chronicles* will feel right at home in *Dispatches From the* Muckdog Gazette. Despite the subtitle—*A Mostly Affectionate Account of a Small Town's Fight to Survive*—this book is not so much about Batavia as about the forces that are destroying small towns all across the United States and the all-too-feeble efforts of good and decent people to stem that destruction. Indeed, despite—or perhaps because of—the many nuggets of Batavia history that Kauffman offers, I found myself wanting to learn more, even though I have never been to the Burned-Over District of western New York, much less to Batavia itself. (Kauffman should consider writing a patriotic history of Batavia, if only to encourage others to do the same for their hometowns.)

In chronicling the (mis)fortunes of his hometown over the last half-century, Kauffman illustrates the foremost problem facing those who crave the stability that can only arise from a solid connection to the past: the inexorable march of progress. The defenders of the *status quo* are constrained by reality; the partisans of development and urban renewal are not. In order to win the battle, the progressives do not have to make good on their promises of a brighter future; by the time the pedestrian mall that replaced downtown fails or the new, modern courthouse crumbles to the ground, the visionaries have moved on to the project after next. Their moment of victory came when the farmland was annexed and rezoned commercial or when the wrecking ball first punched a whole in the side of the "cramped," "antiquated" limestone courthouse (or, really, when they convinced a sufficient number of politicians that the century-old building was "cramped" and "antiquated").

If Kauffman has a weakness, it is that he is too much of a dreamer; despite his Catholic upbringing, he wants to believe in the essential goodness of man (the same belief that animates the urban renewers he criticizes). When Wal-Mart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came to town in 1992, Kauffman could see the writing on the wall. And yet, the only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing:

> My voice was as mute as the others in that silent night, unholy night. I suppose I am of the old New England school of Thoreau and Emerson in that I distrust political solutions and prefer individual revolutions of the soul. I sympathized with those townspeople who wished to keep Wal-Mart out. But instead of passing laws to compel behavior I would much rather that my neighbors *choose* to shop locally. They will only do so when Batavia becomes once more a city with its own flavor and fashions. Whether that day will come I do not know.

I don't know either, but I do know this: By allowing Wal-Mart in, Batavia made it much less likely that such a day will ever dawn. In the rest of the chapter, Kauffman chronicles the casualties of Wal-Mart, ending with Batavia's Finest Store, C.L. Carr Co., a family-owned department store downtown that, amazingly, managed to last almost a decade after Wal-Mart arrived, finally closing on July 31, 2001.

When Kauffman writes of "passing laws to compel behavior," his libertarian roots show. Batavia, of course, would not have had to pass a new law to keep Wal-Mart out; in all likelihood, the city needed only to refuse to grant a zoning change or to issue a building permit. Wal-Mart, like all of the mammoth corporations that have colonized the far-flung corners of our continental empire, relies heavily on zoning changes, variances, special-use permits, and property- and sales-tax abatements to enable its continued expansion. This behavior is, as Wendell Berry (among others) has pointed out, a form of imperialism, no less insidious (and, in some ways, more so, if only because it's being imposed on our fellow citizens) than Washington's foreign adventurism, which Kauffman so adamantly opposes. If the evil Canucks sent an army across the border to occupy Batavia, would Kauffman refuse to resist, hoping instead that Batavians would choose to continue to pledge their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes rather than to the Maple Leaf? It would be naive (at best) to argue that economic choices are free while political choices are less so; once a corporation approaches monopoly status—and, throughout much of America, Wal-Mart has done more than just approach it—the "consumer" has no more freedom than does the voter in our essentially one-party system. Viewed this way, keeping Wal-Mart out of your hometown is a form of homeland security.

In the end, however, Kauffman's weakness is also his greatest strength. If he overestimates the potential goodness of his fellow Batavians, it is because he can see a Batavia not urbanly renewed but reborn—rebuilt not on a sterile vision of endless progress but on the concrete reality of its past, warts and all.

Excoriating Walter D. Webdale, Kauffman writes that the chief architect of Batavia's urban renewal in the mid-1960's

> sneered that the city's built landscape had nothing "uniquely Batavian. We have things typically American from all over this part of the country." Nothing "uniquely Batavian"? As if the stone quarried, the wood hewn, the bricks laid, the tears and kisses and lives passed within the hundreds of homes and small shops on Webdale's hit list were abstract nothings.
>
> Forgive them, Lord—though they knew very well what they were doing.

If Rockford and Batavia are not to become Cleveland, then, against the homogenizing vision of the partisans of progress, we must erect an imaginative bulwark that will appeal more strongly to Rockfordians and Batavians. In *Dispatches From the* Muckdog Gazette, Bill Kauffman reanimates the true soul of Batavia and, in the process, shows us the way back home.

Scott P. Richert is the executive editor of Chronicles.

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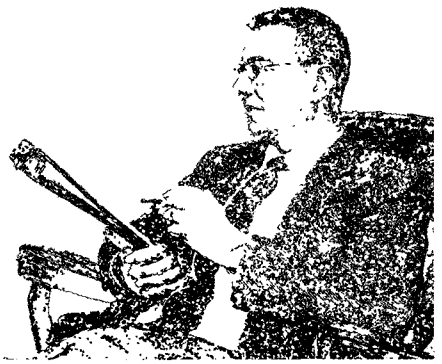
by Scott P. Richert

Calling Bill Donohue



When cities trumpet the glories of their downtowns, they normally talk about such things as the number and variety of restaurants and stores, easy access from other parts of the city, even the availability of parking places. Here, however, we believe in "a different kind of greatness," and I can see the ads now: "Come to downtown Rockford and stay a while. Enjoy the latest amenities, including a deluxe weight room and a whirlpool. Walk through our spacious tunnel to conduct your business at the Winnebago County Courthouse, sheltered from the weather. All this and more awaits you at the new Winnebago County Jail."

Last month, I wrote about an inept power grab by a group of Winnebago County Board members and county officials that threatened St. Mary's Oratory, Rockford's second-oldest Catholic church, which, since 1997, has been home to a thriving Latin Mass community. I had hoped to be able to report this month that the church was safe. Capitalizing on local outrage generated by crusading radio talk-show host Chris Bowman and national publicity by Bill Donohue, the president of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, county-board member Mary Ann Aiello had succeeded in scuttling a resolution that would have expanded the land-aquisition area for the jail to include St. Mary's. She substituted a measure allowing the Durrant Group, the architectural firm that the county hired to construct the new $93 million facility, to get permission from the diocese of Rockford to conduct a survey of St. Mary's property. St. Mary's lies directly between the current county courthouse and public-safety building, on the east, and the proposed jail site, on the west, and county officials have insisted that they need a tunnel to connect the new complex with the old. Aiello's resolution, passed unanimously by the county board, removed St. Mary's from the threat of acquisition until the Durrant Group reported the results of its survey back to the county board.

Or, at least, it should have. No one who has lived in Winnebago County for more than 30 days, however, should underestimate the power of what *Rockford Register Star* political editor Chuck Sweeny calls "TLBF"—Temporary Loss of Brain Function, an incurable disease suffered by "dozens of county leaders, elected and appointed." TLBF flared up again on September 25, the very night Aiello's resolution was passed, when the board—confronted with a $4.5 million county deficit and an impending county-employee strike—voted to take some of the money from the one-cent sales-tax increase that county voters had approved to finance the jail project and to use it to cover current shortfalls in the county's public-safety budget. While Aiello and fellow county-board member John Terranova argued that this amounted to a betrayal of the voters who had supported the increase, the majority of the board seemed unconcerned.

As Chris Bowman later told me, "We knew something was going on when they reallocated money to prevent the budget cuts." That "something" was revealed on October 1, when the Durrant Group presented the final concept study for the jail to the county board's Public Safety Committee. Despite the fact that Winnebago County State's Attorney Paul Logli and Sheriff Dick Meyers had agreed, while selling the referendum to the taxpayers, to reduce the size of the jail from 1,212 beds to 976, the final concept returned to 1,212. (The actual capacity may be even higher, since inmates in lesser-security sections could be double-bunked.) Indeed, the final concept turned out to be identical to Logli's and Meyers' "wish list," which, at a public hearing in mid-September, they had claimed would be built only if their "wildest dreams" were fulfilled. Apparently, since the jail will be erected on Elm Street, they were counting on being able, like Freddy Krueger, to turn dreams into reality.

The final concept, which will come before the county board for a vote on October 23, also includes $3.75 million for a tunnel, even though the Durrant Group has told Mary Ann Aiello that they will not conduct the architectural survey of St. Mary's property until *after* the board has voted. Moreover, Logli and Meyers have backed off on their initial claim that they would use the tunnel to transport prisoners. At the mid-September hearing, Meyers admitted that a tunnel would be unnecessary if the jail had four courtrooms (which it does in the final concept), and, on October 2, Logli stated that prisoners would be moved using surface transportation—the $3.75 million tunnel is for his convenience and for that of the public defender. Since Logli has repeatedly stated that the final decision on the project will be made by the county board, a cynic might suspect that the board is being set up: If the board approves the concept (including the tunnel) on October 23, what happens when the Durrant Group reports some time later that its survey shows that the only way to construct the board-approved tunnel at the board-approved price is to demolish St. Mary's?

Some public figures, such as Chris Bowman and Chuck Sweeny, who put their reputations on the line to support the jail referendum are having second thoughts. After the final concept was presented to the Public Safety Committee, Bowman confronted Logli, who showed just how far his TLBF has advanced. "He told me to do something to myself that it is physically impossible to do," Chris Bowman claims. The sheriff quickly joined in. "Meyers referred to me in unflattering terms," Bowman says. "I'll have you know, my parents were married."

Ultimately, the problem, Bowman told me, "is just like the theme of so many of your columns—no leadership, and an arrogance of power. They don't even know what they want power over."

One thing that they clearly do not want is national exposure. After the board agreed to leave St. Mary's (temporarily) untouched, the Catholic League said that they would continue to monitor the situation and would step back in if necessary. Bill Donohue, I hope you're listening. C

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Letter From Mexico

by V. Groginsky

Tangerine Dreams

Behind the recent headlines here in Mexico of massive peasant protests, blocked highways and international crossings, and demands for NAFTA treaty renegotiation lay a few facts about incompetence, corruption, and inefficiency.

The rural sector has brought its disputes to the Big Tamale—as if Mexico City's 21 million inhabitants did not have enough headaches and two-hour-long traffic gridlocks. For weeks, a political crisis has raged between the peasant-farmer sector and the federal government over the terms of the NAFTA accords, which liberalize trade and eliminate tariffs between Mexico, the United States, and Canada. By the end of 2003, the ten-year phaseout will be complete, and almost all duties on agricultural imports between these nations will be eliminated. This is good news for those who have developed efficient ways to produce quality products worthy of foreign markets but less so for those who had hoped that obsolescence as a way of life would be maintained.

The primary complaint circulating throughout Mexico's agricultural sector is that U.S. farm subsidies, now averaging $19 billion per year, are part of a pattern of unfair trade policies aimed at flooding foreign markets with cheap U.S. exports.

The conflict centers on grains: corn, sorghum, and wheat, principally. Corn and beans have long been the Mexican staples. The fields are still plowed by burro; the seeds, still sown by hand. Mexico grows the most varieties of corn in the world, and a fungus that grows on the ears of blue corn, *huitlacoche*, is a famous delicacy.

Mexican farmers historically received no subsidies and battled high interest rates and, according to Karen Brooks, "a land-ownership system that restricts farmers to tiny plots where they can't produce enough to cover costs" (Knight Ridder, December 31, 2002). The administration of Vicente Fox now pays out three billion dollars in subsidies for price guarantees and another seven billion in energy and finance subsidies to support the agro-sector, with the majority of the aid going to the more productive northern states.

In the United States, agro-subsidies are not dispersed evenly or based on necessity. Of the current $19 billion in annual subsidies, 70 percent is allotted to a mere ten percent of producers, mostly to agribusiness, according to the Environmental Working Group (EWG). And the Cato Institute's C. Edwards and T. DeHaven say that these grain commodities account for a mere 36 percent of U.S. farm production, whereas fruits and vegetables, which account for 64 percent of agricultural production, get no assistance at all. Those desperate farmers who require this taxpayer-funded aid include Eli Lilly, Kimberly-Clark, Pfizer, Navistar, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco, ADM, Boise-Cascade, Caterpillar, Chevron, Georgia-Pacific, International Paper, John Hancock Mutual Life, and Mead—all Fortune 500 companies.

The imbalanced distribution of U.S. agro-subsidies "allows 8% of the farms that produce 60% of the food (grains) to expand production at prices the market cannot bear, forcing small and family farms into bankruptcy," according to the EWG.

Despite the dilemma in both countries, Mexican corn production is actually increasing. A full 60 percent of Mexican farmland is planted in corn—farmed by three million farmers averaging five dependents each. This increase may be the result of peasant farmers growing more for their own consumption rather than for regional or national markets.

The costs of rail transport, diesel fuel, and electricity in Mexico are up to three times higher than in the United States. Some observers argue that Mexico has failed to use the ten-year tariff phaseout period to improve infrastructure and cost efficiency and to promote crop adaptation to climactic and economic realities. Climates that would succeed in grape production grow corn, regions suited to citrus cultivation grow beans, *etc.* And, according to SeniorsUSA/OMO, the Mexican agro-sector is "saddled with artificially high costs because much of the rest of the economy consists of public or private monopolies sheltering behind legal and constitutional barriers to competition."

The citrus sector is another example of Mexico's inherent limitations. In northern Veracruz, the small town of Alamo hosts the majority of Mexico's tangerine production. Mile after mile of lush

Photo © RussellGordon.net

Men as old as 70 harvest tangerines, carrying baskets weighing 200 lbs. They average 20 baskets per 6-hour day, earning approximately $20.

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green and orange-dotted orchards carpet the gently rolling plains and hills. Hundreds of trucks lumber from the orchards to town each afternoon with their 12-ton loads of fruit, leaving a trail of citrus rinds and juice along the way. Still, the industry is in crisis. Men between 16 and 70 years old work six hours per day harvesting 20 two-hundred-pound baskets. The men balance high on narrow wooden ladders while picking tangerines, placing them in bags weighing up to 50 pounds. When the bag is full, they climb down and dump the harvest into large baskets, weighing a staggering 200 pounds, which they carry by a strap on their foreheads out of the orchard to the waiting truck—all for $19 dollars per day. No wonder so many Mexicans decide that it is better to enter the United States illegally.

In the tangerine sector, the problems are also local. The producers lack any internal control or regulation whatsoever, and cutthroat competition has driven prices to unsustainable levels. Mexican juice companies in Alamo pay producers $50 per ton for lesser "juice-quality" tangerines (plus costs of labor and transport), while the superior table-quality product can fetch up to $160 per ton. Product quality is excellent, but there are no tangerine exports to the United States, though it is so close—and not because of NAFTA. Besides self-defeating cutthroat practices among producers and middlemen, the government's assistance in eradicating the fruit fly has been squandered by local trade and business representatives who steal the donated pesticides for their own use, the surplus of which is sold in local markets—and most local producers cannot afford them. While one farm may be free of the pest, its neighbor will be infested. And, as all the fruit is sold in the same market, the whole region's produce can be affected. Naturally, as agricultural pests are a threat to the United States, such imports are prohibited. However, Mexican juice companies benefit from the export prohibition, which causes a local glut in production and unsustainable prices. Juice producers also slash prices to sink small producers, thus creating monopolies.

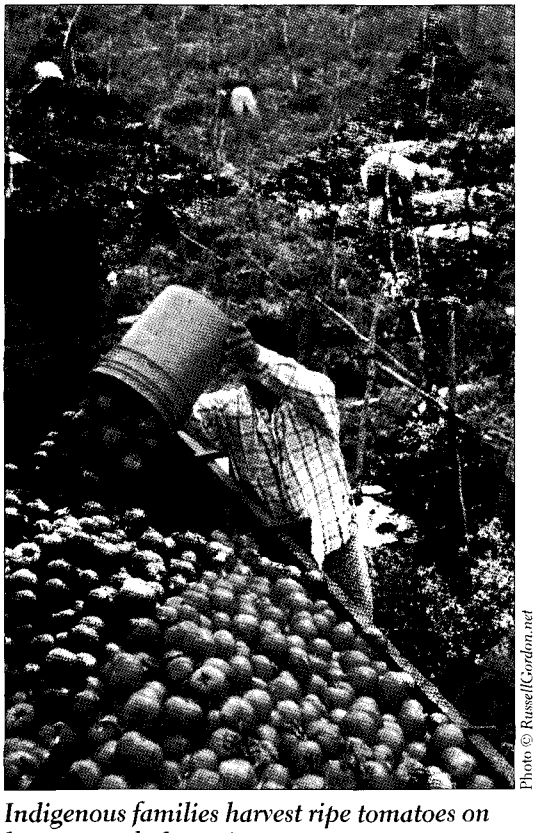

Photo © RussellGordon.net

Indigenous families harvest ripe tomatoes on huge coastal plantations.

Mexico's foreign minister, Luis Ernesto Derbez, in an effort to combat capital flight to China from all sectors, has proposed yet more concessions, demanding that foreign investors and manufacturers assist in the development of Mexican industry instead of offering more tax breaks and incentives to potential foreign investors.

Fortunately, not all of Mexico's farmers have hit the streets in protest or cried for government bailouts. In fact, some, such as Michoacan's avocado producers, have explicitly told the government "Hands off." Mexico produces 900,000 tons of Hass avocados annually, the vast majority in Michoacan, with 250,000 tons destined for the United States. The 600 regional producers face pressure from Mexican and U.S. packers to lower prices but have united through their trade organization to maintain fair prices for their product—$1.20 per kilo for export, 60 cents for domestic consumption. Their trade organizations work closely with the U.S.D.A., which monitors production and packing. In a few more years, California's avocado production will be sunk by those south of the border who produce higher quality at a fraction of the cost.

Other Mexican agricultural products that benefit from "free trade" are tomatoes, limes, broccoli, cucumbers, asparagus, mangoes, watermelons, and green peppers. They are filling U.S. markets—instead of the producers filling Mexican highways. And there are a few in the Mexican polity who promote more progressive policies in the agricultural sector. Secretary of Economy Fernando Canales Clarion has reportedly encouraged climate-crop adaptation, so Mexico can rescue herself from the results of inefficient farming practices at the grassroots level.

"Free trade" is anything but free. It requires foresight, business planning, research, product and market development, and investment—in other words, strategy—to succeed in a global market.

Reinventing sealing wax or cultivating corn on mountainsides is a sure strategy for economic failure, which will simply produce more roadblocks to progress and benefit only the union bosses and political opportunists who prey on the weakest.

V. Groginsky writes from Mexico City.

Letter From London

by Andrei Navrozov

Made for Love

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Vanity plates, I once heard—vehicle registration numbers, in other words, that are believed to hold meanings or to pose riddles, in the pedestrian minds of idle onlookers and fellow motorists stuck in traffic—often cost many times more than the cars to which they are attached. This is good news of sorts. For, however pitiful it is for an aging toothpaste manufacturer to take pride in screwing the numberplate MAD4LOV to his new cabriolet, from the point of view of the West's survival as a culture, it is far less alarming than seeing that pride of his stimulated directly by a mass-market product of the automotive industry. Gross as it may seem, MAD4LOV is still an insubstantial fancy—not unlike a poem, a prophecy, or an heraldic device—and paying good money to acquire it is an act of sublimation, more Medici than Marx, more Charles the Foolish than Warren Buffett, more Gothic apse than valet parking in rear.

Last August, the Duke of Buccleuch had a hundred-million-dollar Leonardo stolen from his home in Scotland. "It is no consolation to the Duke, or to the unfortunate insurers," commented the writer A.N. Wilson (prone, like most Londoners, to real-estate similes), "but isn't it rather wonderful that our lumpen, boring society sets such a price

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on art that it values one painting by a genius 80 times higher than a big London house?" Indeed, some paintings still cost more than each and every one of the walls on which they hang. The most expensive house in modern history, sold in Tokyo for $600 million ("It was a one-bedroom," I hear you jest), belonged to the father of a friend of mine, a Syrian immigrant to Japan. But surely the contents of a single Sotheby's "Impressionist and Modern" sale can match that in a couple of rainy Mayfair afternoons.

The historical sense of these intimations of qualified optimism is that the Good Lord appears to have conceived the human ego—a man's soul, if you like—as a creature with many mouths, wherein lies both our problematic salvation and our almost certain perdition. Because, according to His complex, life-giving design, man is obliged to feed all of this potential monster's mouths (as a mother is bound by nature to suckle her whole brood and becomes monstrous when she does otherwise), despite the psychological fact that it can easily survive if only one of them is given nourishment (as the mother's genes can survive even if all but one of her offspring should starve to death). Rationalism, which is the temptation to keep the ego alive by means that are necessary and sufficient—by feeding it, ergonomically and economically, through a single orifice—is central to the demise of Christian civilization. The monster ego peculiar to our epoch is not obese because it is overfed but because it is swollen from malnutrition. It is made to subsist on a diet of carbonated drinks, rum-raisin ice cream, and chocolate-covered doughnuts.

Heroin addicts—who, quite literally, obtain satisfaction by nourishing their egos through a single opening in the skin—are an extreme terminus of this progressive rationalization of means and methods, but of course there are others. Prostitutes find it difficult to resume a less perilous life not because their egos have been crushed but because they too have grown addicted to the gratifications of extreme simplification. And, as one or the other of these social outcasts leans on the peeling windowsill to look down through the rusting tracery of fire escapes at the world without, he or she has very good reason to claim that what lies below is every inch as artless, mass-produced, and apparently godforsaken as the fetid mattress and the bleating television within.

"From pop stars and royal princes to crack whores and street kids, from the Groucho Club toilets to the poppy fields of Afghanistan, we are all partners in crime," trumpets the jacket blurb of a current bestseller. "*High Society* is a story about Britain today, a criminal nation in which everybody is either breaking the law or knows people who do." And an FBI spokesman tells the *Sunday Times* that "teenage girls from wealthy middle-class homes" are turning to prostitution "for affirmation." Apparently, in the past three years, according to the U.S. Department of Justice, "we've seen a 70% increase in kids from middle- to upper-middle-class backgrounds who become prostitutes" without having "suffered mental, sexual, or physical abuse." Of what value, then, is any present-day attempt at moral or social differentiation?

Even a generation ago, a social outcast's claim to being no worse "than the rest of you hypocrites out there" would have rung more hollow. I am told that, in the late 1940's, when Isaac Stern bought himself a Stradivarius for $5,000, an average orchestra player could easily acquire a fine violin, say a Guadagnini, for a third of that amount. Some 50 years of wholesale social homogenization later, a reasonable instrument costs more than ten years' worth of an orchestra violinist's gross annual salary, and a Stradivarius will make five million dollars at auction. In other words, musical instruments can now make more than the people who play them, because violins, paintings, houses, cars, and lace doilies have been swept up in a lopsided whirl of material consumption—in this case, of an antiquarian cast—that mercilessly rationalizes and drastically abbreviates the full scale of ethical values that, until recently, could provide the human ego with endlessly diversified nutrients.

Accordingly, though one must take it as given that drugs and prostitution are extremes at least in theory, one fails to detect a qualitative, substantive difference between them and the social mainstream of the present epoch. Consider, if you like, the most common form of ministration to the ego—so unlike playing a once-affordable Guadagnini—which goes by the houseproud name of *work*, but is in reality just as monotonous, self-abusive, and ultimately deadening as the scoring of hits or the turning of tricks. Deprived of work, an upstanding denizen of the civilized world is, if anything, more helpless than a desperately strung-out drug user. "You see," Isabel, the heroine of Somerset Maugham's once-famous novel, *The Razor's Edge*, says of her husband, a stockbroker ruined in the crash who is still unemployed three years later, "he feels it's a man's business to work and if he can't work he may just as well be dead."

Yet not by bread *alone* must a man live, it has been clearly written, not *only* by working and certainly not *solely* for the sake of money. When the chance reversal of fortune came, Isabel tells the narrator,

> I simply couldn't believe it. It seemed inconceivable to me that we should be ruined. I could understand that other people should be ruined, but that we should be—well, it just seemed impossible. I went on thinking that something would happen to save us at the last moment. And then, when the final blow came, I felt that life wasn't worth living anymore. I didn't think I could face the future; it was too black. For a fortnight I was absolutely miserable. God, it was awful, having to part with everything, knowing there wouldn't be any fun any more, having to do without everything I liked—and then at the end of a fortnight I said: "Oh, to hell with it, I'm not going to give it another thought," and I promise you I never have.

At least to my own obsessive and tendentious ear, Maugham's heroine is venting the textbook anxieties of the novice gambler. For roulette is spiritual training in the reversal of fortune, and the poet player knows better than to walk through the world thinking that everything he may have to part with—all the fun to be had that he will never have again and all the things he has had that he will have to get along without—depends on the outcome of a single spin of the wheel. He knows that the human ego has many mouths, even as his father's house has many mansions, and so, whatever the circumstances of the crash peculiar to his destiny, he can never feel that he's been ruined and nothing's worth anything any longer. He plays not for money, but against it.

And if, in the end, money wins, he shrugs. He has a whole life to live.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

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Letter to the Bishop

by Joe Ecclesia

Eucharistic Seconds

◆

Your Excellency:

Recently, having finished my post-Communion prayers at Mass, I was sitting along with everyone else, listening to our priest make a few announcements and deliver his last joke of the day, when I noticed my young neighbor in the pew—she was 15 or 16 years old—toying with the Host she had received at Communion. The young lady had nibbled one of the edges of the Host, had apparently either disliked the taste or else wished to carry it home where she might spread some jam on it, and so was flipping it around between her fingers to while away the time. I mentioned to her grandmother that the young lady might want to consume the Host, which is, after all, the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The grandmother passed the word to the young lady, at which point, after a brief struggle, the grandmother consumed the Host.

More and more, Your Excellency, people at our little parish church appear confused by the Host. Some are undoubtedly Protestants who either do not understand that the Host is the Body of Our Lord or are unaware of the Church's guidelines regarding the distribution of Holy Communion; I have seen them leaving the altar carrying the Host in their hands, staring at It with either amused or perplexed looks. Others are, I believe, Catholics who are unaware of much of anything regarding the Faith. (One quick note: My family usually sits at the front of the church because we find that our youngest son, who is five years old, pays closer attention there. Since I'm praying much of the time during Communion, head bowed, eyes closed, that sort of thing, I rarely observe those receiving the Eucharist. Nonetheless, occasionally I lift my head for a few moments and almost invariably notice someone leaving the front of the altar with the Host either in hand or dropped surreptitiously into a pocket.)

Stressing or requiring Communion on the tongue might help solve this sacrilege, though requiring Communion by tongue will be difficult. (Many American parishioners have trouble swallowing the idea, your Excellency, if you'll pardon an atrocious pun.) To receive Communion on the tongue would eventually require kneeling—a 5'6" priest cannot give communion on the tongue to a 6'6" parishioner, not without a footstool—and most churches have now shorn themselves of kneelers and altar rails.

Since I've never heard a priest address from the pulpit this behavior of carrying the Host away, I would assume, Your Excellency, that we are moving in the direction of the carry-out Host. Living in a country of fast-food restaurants and Chinese take-out, I suppose this trend is inevitable. Before this take-out Communion becomes much more acceptable, however, I wanted to offer several possibilities in terms of looking to the future.

First, to ensure quality control, let me suggest that an altar server be stationed at the elbow of the priest or eucharistic minister dispensing the Body of Our Lord. The server might offer those choosing take-out a tiny sealable baggie in which to store Our Lord. (Notice how well the word *server* works here, similar in meaning to a restaurant waiter.) This baggie would help avoid scandal in case the Host became smashed in a pocket. It would also ensure sanitation. If such a practice of putting Our Lord in baggies catches on, the diocese might move to the zip-lock variety for the convenience of the Church's customers.

Clearly, there is the possibility of scandal or misuse of the Eucharist for those choosing the take-out service. Satanists—we have quite a coven of these here in our county, and, having read the Charlotte newspaper a few times, I assume there are a few down your way as well—might steal the Host for inclusion in their Black Mass. Other parishioners may get home, feel disinclined to consume the Host, and feed it instead to the birds. (Despite the stories regarding St. Francis, I'm not sure that all birds—crows and blue jays in particular—are Christian, much less Catholic.) Here I confess that I am at a loss as to a solution, Your Excellency. In the old days, we might have inserted a note into the baggie declaring the abuser of the Host to be anathema; today, however, such a warning simply wouldn't take. Most people don't know what *anathema* means, and many won't bother to look it up. Given the widespread lack of regard for other Church teachings among modern Catholics as well as the modernist proclivity for rebellion, I'm not sure a note would deter anyone from sacrilege anyway. Since I can't find a solution here, I'm afraid that you're on your own on this one, Your Excellency.

Next, you might consider instituting a similar take-out procedure with the Precious Blood of Our Lord. We could offer the Precious Blood in tiny, sealed bottles that customers—I won't call them communicants, for you have to commune to be a communicant—would take home, consume at their leisure, and return the next week for purification. We might have the bottles designed in the shape of a chalice to add authenticity.

Speaking of the Precious Blood, four weeks ago, a Mexican deacon helped serve our Spanish Mass. After Communion, the deacon glanced into the chalice in his hands, swirled it a few times, then called parishioners back to the altar for seconds on the Precious Blood. "We have some left," he said, "so come on back." (He delivered this invitation in Spanish, of course, but I won't attempt to reproduce it here.) Though our priest looked somewhat surprised, he didn't attempt to stop the deacon; our priest is an Anglo and perhaps felt uncomfortable correcting the deacon before his countrymen. Or is theology at work here? The priest must consume the remaining Precious Blood; he therefore gets "seconds": We are all priests these days; therefore, we should all get "seconds."

Let me suggest, however, that, if this action constitutes a new trend in our Church, if indeed we are going to begin offering seconds, then we need to ensure an ample supply of victuals. My mother always said that, if you're going to offer more food, make sure there is enough for everyone at the table. Therefore, we should consider the extra expense involved in offering seconds. In our parish, where having a Mass said now officially costs $10.00 and attending FFC (that's Faith Formation Class) costs $30.00, we are aware of the need to watch our pennies.

Just a few thoughts for your consideration, Your Excellency. Keeping you in my prayers—

Joe Ecclesia

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Out of Korea

Another futile round of the six-nation talks on North Korea's nuclear program ended in Beijing last September. The communist authorities in Pyongyang subsequently declared that further negotiations involving both Koreas, China, Japan, Russia, and the United States were pointless, but China said it was working to arrange a second round of talks.

For once, I am inclined to agree with the unlovely Comrade Kim Jong-Il. As currently structured, the talks cannot succeed: He will not give up North Korea's nuclear-weapons program without getting written security guarantees from the United States—especially not after seeing the demise of Saddam Hussein's regime—while Washington refuses to grant such guarantees without first securing a promise of nuclear disarmament from Comrade Kim.

The two parties' positions are not equally coherent. Kim may be evil and paranoid, but—having been named a member of the "Axis of Evil" by President George W. Bush in his State of the Union Address in January 2002—his desire for a tangible insurance policy against "Operation Korean Freedom" is both rational and unsurprising.

For now, that insurance policy comprises an arsenal of atomic bombs that can pulverize Seoul or even Tokyo, but it may also take the form of a pact with Washington giving Kim and his regime the stamp of American legitimacy in perpetuity. North Korea has opted for developing the former while declaring that she really wants the latter. She has a small arsenal of nuclear weapons—perhaps a half-dozen devices already in stock—and she is busy producing more. The resulting crisis has temporarily concealed this dismal, starving half-country's fundamental irrelevance to the world.

It is regrettable that Washington still insists that the "verifiable and irreversible" scrapping of North Korea's nuclear program has to come before any security guarantee. That position is needlessly dogmatic, and it smacks of obstinacy unbecoming a self-confident great power. It needs to be replaced with a creatively astute scenario that will enable the United States to withdraw her troops from that charmless peninsula.

The new policy should assume that the desire for security and self-preservation, rather than aggressive expansionism, provides the clue to Pyongyang's behavior. That also happens to be the view of South Korea, the country most directly affected by North Korea's nuclear program. Her foreign minister, Yoon Young-kwan, warns that, if North Korea believes that Washington seeks regime change, "it will probably never give up its nuclear option; on the contrary, it will cling more desperately to the nuclear option as the last resort."

The assumption may be wrong, of course, and Kim Jong-Il may be a deluded megalomaniac who is developing nuclear weapons in order to pursue a policy of external aggression. The United States has no better way of testing his intentions than agreeing to his demand for security assurance. President Bush should send the message to the "Beloved Leader" in Pyongyang that, while he does not particularly like the system Kim and his father have imposed on their people for 60 years, his feelings on the matter are irrelevant in the broader strategic calculus. Perhaps a quick note like:

> I have other, far more pressing business elsewhere around the globe, and I want to take you, Mr. Kim, off my agenda. Let's therefore arrange a conference in Beijing—the Chinese are excellent at that sort of thing—that will end in the signing of the formal peace treaty ending the Korean War and in a bilateral pact between the two of us, recognizing the *status quo* in the peninsula. Let us simultaneously sign a detailed agreement that will terminate and irrevocably dismantle your nuclear program, including a watertight inspection system and complete transparency. If you accept, as far as I am concerned, you can die in bed and have your capital named after you; we'll exchange ambassadors, and you'll get a little money to kick-start your moribund economy. If you accept, we'll also withdraw our G.I.'s from the south.

Concessions thus offered would cost the United States nothing. Since Washington is not contemplating a second Korean war simply for the sake of liberating Kim's long-suffering subjects, the pledge is not at odds even with the openly imperialist strategic doctrine promulgated last September. The losers will be the people of North Korea, who will continue to languish under the most oppressive government in the world. That is regrettable, perhaps, but it is irrelevant to the American strategic calculus. At the same time, President Bush's message should warn of the consequences if North Korea refuses to sign. "If you start playing games and add new conditions to the proposed deal," he could tell Mr. Kim, "I'll finally know that you are a rogue who wants to threaten and intimidate others, and, by God, I'll bully, demonize, subvert, and starve you forever."

In reality, if North Korea refuses to play along, the United States should still withdraw her troops from the Korean peninsula and let those most affected by Kim's obstinacy—South Korea, Japan, China, and Russia—deal with him as they deem fit. This policy of disengagement ought to include a green light to Seoul to develop its own nuclear deterrent, coupled with discrete technical assistance to accelerate the program. The Ford administration forced South Korea to abandon her budding nuclear-weapons program in the 1970's while foolishly agreeing not to withdraw American soldiers in return. The process should now be reversed, and the granting of a free nuclear hand to Seoul should accompany a U.S. withdrawal. South Korea has a strong civilian nuclear program with many dual-use facilities in place and a physical infra-

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structure and a technical capability that could result in a credible deterrent within months rather than years.

The U.S. military intervention in Korea in the summer of 1950 was necessary and just. Communist aggression was blatant, and the implications of allowing it to succeed were ominous. President Truman's response unexpectedly received U.N. approval in a moment of Soviet absentmindedness, and several countries contributed troops, but the war was an American affair, fought overwhelmingly by her men and in her geopolitical interest.

For a generation after the war, it was necessary to maintain U.S. forces in South Korea, a weak and initially devastated country ruled by unpopular regimes and ridden by internal dissent. Neither Mao nor Brezhnev could be trusted to keep Kim Il-Sung in check. Over the past two decades, however, the equation has changed on all fronts: First, South Korea has become one of the most successful economies in the world and the third-largest Asian "tiger." Currently, it ranks at number 12 globally, a capitalist success story of the first order that out-produces Russia and has the financial and scientific potential to become a regional military power *par excellence*. Second, North Korea has descended into the nightmare of a peculiarly Oriental brand of Stalinism that combines crude militarism, a mindless personality cult, and abject poverty; millions of her citizens have starved to death in the past decade alone. Third, both Russia and China are more interested in the economic benefits of trading with South Korea than in the embarrassing, outdated legacy of past links to North Korea.

Removing the American umbrella from South Korea would be beneficial to both sides. The United States would be disengaged from a strategically irrelevant part of the world where the dangers of a continued military presence vastly exceed any possible benefits. As *Chronicles* contributing editor Doug Bandow, author of *Tripwire: Korea and U.S. Foreign Policy in a Changed World*, writes,

> Without any connection to the Cold War that ended over a decade ago, and absent a global hegemonic struggle, Korea is relatively unimportant to the United States from a military and strategic standpoint.

In fact, he continues, "The relationship between the two countries will never be one of equals so long as South Korea is dependent on Washington for its defense." Even now, Seoul's military is qualitatively better and backed by a larger reserve, a much stronger economic base, and a network of friendly states. As South Korea acknowledges in her own defense reports, she *chose* for years to focus on economic development at the expense of military strength, which she could do, protected by the United States.

A U.S. withdrawal would prompt South Korea finally to become a mature, self-reliant regional power fully responsible for her self-protection, as befits one of the most highly developed industrial economies in the world. She would also be forced to diversify her portfolio of foreign contacts, possibly leading to a Russian-South Korean or a Chinese-South Korean alliance—either of which is preferable to an open-ended American guarantee. Furthermore, once Seoul develops nuclear weapons, a local balance of terror would be established on the Korean peninsula, delivering a cold but predictable peace as reliably as mutually assured destruction provided on a global scale during the Cold War or as it functions currently on the Indian subcontinent.

Some South Koreans are bound to start dragging their feet while simultaneously clamoring for a continued U.S. security guarantee. It would not be the first time, but they should be told in no uncertain terms that the game is up: America has no national interest in retaining troops in Korea or in continuing to protect Seoul. Old habits may die hard, but the 50-year habit of garrisoning South Korea is neither sentimentally nor strategically addictive. It has to be kicked, because it is dangerous, expensive, and unnecessary: The United States is not threatened by Pyongyang, and she regards the nature of North Korea's regime as irrelevant.

To the argument that South Korea's military is not strong enough to withstand the threat from the North, the answer is clear: Only by removing our tripwire can the United States finally force South Korea to upgrade her military and make her people assume the full economic and political burden of defending their own country. For exactly the same reason, American troops should be removed from Japan and Germany. President Bush should attend the ceremony marking the closing of the last U.S. base in Korea and give a speech that will state the obvious:

> Yes, we are doing this in our own interest, but also for your own good. You resented the legal immunity enjoyed by American servicemen, you disliked our Yongsan compound in the middle of your bustling capital city, and you complained that you were not the masters of your own destiny whenever we had some crisis with the North. Well, we are hereby removing those irritants so that you may finally come of age. Our "alliance" had always been one-sided, with us guaranteeing your security; let us hope that from now on our friendship will be more mutual.

A strategic anachronism five decades old would thus finally be ended. Almost 40,000 military personnel could be discharged, and some hundreds of millions of U.S. taxpayer dollars would be saved. Let us hope that would not mean beefing up more exciting missions around the world, such as bringing democracy to Iraq, securing equal rights for Afghan women, and making the Balkans even safer for Islamic militants.

LIBERAL ARTS

AT LEAST TWICE AS GOOD AS WHITE PEOPLE

"Like other middle-class black parents in Birmingham, the Rices were determined that their daughter would overcome racism through hard work, personal achievement, and a God-given sense of self-worth. 'My parents had me absolutely convinced that . . . you may not be able to have a hamburger at Woolworth's but you can be President of the United States,' Rice told Newsweek. For Condi this meant being twice as good as whites in order to gain equal footing. . . .

"'I went to my parents, who had spent a fortune and all of their time turning me into a pianist, and said, "Mom and Dad, I'm changing my major,"' Rice told Oprah Winfrey. Her parents were initially shocked and resistant.

"'Her daddy looked at her and said, "Condoleezza! Black people don't make money in political science,"' McPhatter said in a recent newspaper interview."

—*from "The Unflappable Condi Rice" by Sheryl Henderson Blunt,* Christianity Today, *September 2003*

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AMERICAN EMPIRE

Thirst for Empire

by John Willson

Tacitus, writing about Caesar Augustus and the beginnings of the Roman Empire, says, "How few were left who had seen the republic!"

How few are left. Tacitus also mourns that the "State had been revolutionized, and there was not a vestige left of the old morality." John Dickinson, who, like many of the founders of the American republic, was a student of Tacitus, warned in his defense of the Constitution that two things would doom the American experiment. One is the "imitation of foreign fashions." He said, "May her citizens aspire at a national dignity in every part of conduct, private as well as public."

Dickinson said that the other thing was even more dangerous: the "thirst of empire. This is a vice that ever has been, and from the nature of things, ever must be, fatal to republican forms of government." How few are left who have seen the republic.

Private conduct aside—and it is very difficult to convince even the small minority of our young people who have been reared in two-parent Christian homes that there is a direct relation between the health of the soul and the health of the republic—our good leaders are now seeking to be emperors. I think we do have good leaders. George Bush, Dick Cheney, Colin Powell, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice—all are good and decent people, as far as we can tell, and that is something we have rarely been able to say about the makers of American foreign policy since the Big War that got us into the business of being an empire.

It is often said that "libertarians" blame wars for creating the managerial state. This is part of the ignorance of most of our citizens and the mendacity of our so-called "neoconservatives." Libertarians and liberals are one and the same, all progressives. Progressives got us into World War I. Progressives got us into World War II. Progressives got us into Korea. Progressives got us into Vietnam. Progressives got us into the Gulf, into Kosovo, and now into Iraq again. Not one American war of the 20th century came upon us because of decisions taken by an American conservative. Let us not think that *National Review* or the *Weekly Standard* or the *Wall Street Journal* are run by conservatives, or that most of the "columnists" who write under that honorable title are, either. Most Americans with a reasonable amount of common sense know that we get into wars *only because progressive leaders think they can change the world for the better.*

And look at the domestic facts. Every major piece of progressive legislation in our country's history has been passed by Congress during wartime, with the exception of Social Security and the subsidies for unions and farmers. They were given to us in the war against the Great Depression, and every President since then has declared some kind of war, even in the presence of the real thing, in order to enhance the agenda of the managerial state and empire. The two go together—always have, and always will. I do not need to rehearse it in detail here: Look at the histories of Cairo, Athens, Rome, Paris, London, Moscow, Tokyo, and every other pale imitation of Washington, D.C. Add up what happened under Lincoln, (T.) Roosevelt, Wilson, (F.D.) Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson, Carter, Clinton.

Notice that the thirst for empire started with Republicans, then shifted dramatically to Democrats, and now seems to be reverting to Republicans. How few are left who have seen the republic.

Timothy Dwight was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards and a fifth-generation New Englander. He was a pastor, the president of Yale (he made Yale a great college), called in his lifetime the "second citizen of New England." A few people, Dwight included, thought that John Adams was the first. Dwight wrote poems and essays about America, trying to help his students and fellow citizens understand what they owned because of where they were born. Was America an idea? Was it an abstraction that could be applied to Indians (or to Indians, for that matter) or Frenchmen or Russians? He wrote *Greenfield Hill* (a long poem modeled on Virgil's *Georgics* and *Eclogues*) and *Travels in New England and New York* (four volumes of essays on the daily lives of New Englanders) to answer the questions, *What binds Americans together? What is worth preserving?*

In a nutshell, it was Greenfield Hill that was worth preserving. Greenfield Hill, Connecticut, was the village where Dwight preached, taught in his own little school that became a rival of Yale for preparing boys for college, tilled a six-acre garden, and reared his family. He used the term "competence" to describe the farmers and artisans and their wives who inhabited the towns of New England:

> How bless'd the sight of such a
> numerous train
> In such small limits, tasting good
> Of competence, of independence,
> peace,
> And liberty unmingled; every house
> On its own ground, and every
> happy swain
> Beholding no superior but the laws.

He said later in *Travels in New England and New York,*

> There is not a spot on the globe,
> where so little is done to govern the
> inhabitants; nor a spot, where the
> inhabitants are so well governed,
> or perhaps, in more appropriate
> terms, where the state of society is
> so peaceable, orderly, and happy.

This was not an idea. It was not an abstraction called "freedom" or "equality." It was a way of life, which is all that any decent society can be. Dwight once said (this is from Bill Dennis's description) that he loved his family and so he could love his church; his church, so his town; his town, so Connecticut; Connecticut, so his nation. When Tocqueville visited New England a generation after Dwight died, he said that

> The strength of a free people resides in the local community. Local institutions are to liberty what primary schools are to science: they put it within the people's reach; they teach people to appreciate its peaceful enjoyment and accustom them to make use of it. Without local institutions a nation may give itself a free government,

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but it has not got the spirit of liberty.

Competence never comes from government. If we never learn another thing from Dwight and the Founding Fathers, it should be this. Society precedes government, which is one thing that bound together the otherwise ornery Adams, Washington, Madison, and even Hamilton. John C. Calhoun would later agree.

Dwight summed up his life's work with what he said to every Yale graduating class from 1795 to 1817:

> More free than we are, man with his present character cannot be. If we preserve such freedom, we shall do what never has been done. The only possible means of its preservation, miracles apart, is the preservation of those institutions from which it has been derived.

If it is in the least bit true that our liberty depends on our families, churches, and local communities, preserving them trumps every other consideration of politics and policy.

Dwight and all of our other Founding Fathers believed that good politics required good character in our leaders. If we assume, as I do, that we have right now good character in our leaders, we still must convince them that they are spending their time on the wrong things. Everything focused on a "War on Terror" will serve only to build government, not citizens and not society. Empires destroy societies, even if they occasionally produce a Marcus Aurelius or a Ronald Reagan.

It is of no use to us now to hold our leaders to a higher standard than they are capable of bearing. Since they are good people, it is up to us to encourage them to be prudent. Reading Aristotle's *Politics* reminds us that we must do what good work all the best Greeks did: the *empirical* work of finding what helps free people remain free.

Never, ever, has war served any good purpose but to defend home and hearth. Few histories point out that there was no war of the American Revolution in New England after the battle of Bunker/Breed's Hill. The rising of the towns took care of it. This is our heritage, not the progressive Albert Beveridge's (and both Roosevelts, Woodrow Wilson, Harry Truman, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and sadly, the George Bushes) argument that we are "a greater England with a nobler destiny." Beveridge also said that we are "a people imperial by virtue of their power, by right of their institutions, by authority of their Heaven-directed purposes—the propagandists and not the misers of liberty."

The triumphalism of the neoconservatives stands in the bold progressive tradition, which they now argue is conservative. But may we get this straight? They have lost the argument (read the essays by Samuel Francis, Paul Gottfried, and Thomas Fleming *contra* David Frum and Jonah Goldberg) and probably have lost the political predominance that they have thought they enjoyed. It is now up to us to be generous and helpful.

The thirst for empire destroys republics. We cannot tolerate leaders who act contrary to this fundamental conservative principle, but we cannot also join the enemies of our republic who insist that the leaders who sometimes go to excess in the war against "terror" (whatever that means) are the moral equivalents of President Clinton. Prudence *is* the most important political principle. Prudence applied now in the Middle East may allow us to turn our attention back to restoring *our* republic, rather than to rushing falsely into creating them for others. Timothy Dwight liked to talk about "the dignified character of free republicans." Can any real patriot think of a better name for ourselves?

John Willson is Salvatori Professor of History and Traditional Values at Hillsdale College.

LITERATURE

Making the Whole World England

by Marian Kester Coombs

As a race, the British are considered neither the most intellectual nor the most artistic, Britain's role in the invention of modern physics (Newton) and modern painting (Turner) notwithstanding. Yet their ability to make cultural icons of near-universal appeal is second to none. Quite apart from the philosophical contributions of Locke and Burke and Hume and Mill, apart from the breakthroughs of Faraday and Jenner and Rutherford, apart from the human liberation presaged by Magna Carta and the Glorious Revolution and Wilberforce, the British people have shown a genius for touching and stirring the hearts of millions in a way no other nation has managed since the impact of Greek and Roman imagery on the then (much smaller) known world. A perfectly delightful whimsy, an eccentricity that concentrates the mind wonderfully, and a deep-archetypal imagination combine to make them the world's premier storytellers, masters of the common touch.

Of course, English-speakers do not seem to care about the provenance of our imaginative fare so long as it be succulent, and, in our insatiable appetite for a good story, we have scoured the globe for centuries in quest of translatable delicacies. Still, other peoples have not added to the global store of fantasy nearly as voluminously as have the British.

The power of the British imagination plays a major role in the hegemony of English today as the global language: To savor that imagination, to get lost in that movie, to get down with that rock 'n' roll, one is lured into learning English. For instance, the bait of *Anne of Green Gables* (written by a very British Canadian) created such a cult in Japan that a virtual tourist invasion of Prince Edward Island ensued, at least until the yen faltered against the Canadian dollar.

For all their supposed reserve, the British have never been loath to tout their language and culture. Of course, they are fond of deprecating their knack for self-marketing, but this, too, is part of their genius: To "make the whole world England" has always meant conquest, not just of territory but of fancy. They also have a genius for reinventing themselves as needed: the New Rome; the New Jerusalem; Her Majesty's Empire on its "civilizing mission"; the brave besieged little Shire; Angry Young Men; Licensed to Kill; Swinging London; "Cool Britannia."

In light of all this British brilliance, then, it is curious that J.R.R. Tolkien was moved to write his fantasy masterpiece, *The Lord of the Rings*, because

> I was from early days grieved by the poverty of my own beloved country: it had no stories of its own, not of the quality that I sought and found in legends of other lands. There was Greek, and Celtic, and Romance, Germanic, Scandinavian, and Finnish; but nothing English, save impoverished chapbook stuff. I had a mind to make

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> a body of more or less connected legend, ranging from the large and cosmogonic, to the level of romantic fairy-story which I could dedicate simply: to England, to my country.

"No stories of its own": So much for Beowulf and Grendel, Arthur and Guinevere, Robin and Marian, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, *Piers Ploughman*, and the Bard of Avon. Britain's rich fusion of the Celtic, Viking, Germanic, and Norman/Romance, which occurred in post-epic historical time, apparently robbed the island nation of its own mythic identity. But Tolkien was reacting above all to the heightened and desperately competitive nationalism of the interwar period. In particular, he was distressed by the hijacking, as he saw it, of European mythology in the service of totalitarian states. In Germany, the process had begun before Wagner and had only intensified; the National Socialists drew fervently upon the Friedrich Barbarossa, Ring, Gral-quest, and other legends. As for France, the 15th-century Maid of Orleans was only canonized in 1920. The Soviets resurrected Alexander Nevsky and Ivan the Terrible. And what was the pageantry of Mussolini's Italy but a desire to bask in Rome's ancient pagan glow?

The question of how to define England in contradistinction to these rival states absorbed not only Tolkien but such cultural warriors as George Orwell. These two, looking with their hearts, came up with strikingly similar portraits of the English people. Orwell's 1944 essay sounds much like Tolkien describing hobbits:

> [T]he working classes, as [a] rule, are rather small, with short limbs and brisk movements. . . . The masses still more or less assume that "against the law" means "wrong." . . . [T]hey will refuse even to sample a foreign dish, they regard such things as garlic and olive oil with disgust, life is unliveable to them unless they have tea and puddings. . . . Traditionally the Englishman is phlegmatic, unimaginative, not easily rattled. . . . One of the basic folk-tales of the English-speaking peoples is Jack the Giant-Killer—the little man against the big man. . . . Not merely a hatred of bullying, but a tendency to support the weaker side merely because it is weaker, are almost general in England. . . . The motto of the English people might be . . . "A little of what you fancy does you good." They are not vicious, not even lazy, but they will have their bit of fun, whatever the higher-ups may say. . . . The outstanding and—by contemporary standards—highly original quality of the English is their habit of not killing one another. . . . The English are great lovers of flowers, gardening and "nature" . . . The English will always prefer instinct to logic, and character to intelligence. . . . The world is sick of chaos and it is sick of dictatorship. Of all peoples the English are likeliest to find a way of avoiding both. They have known for forty years . . . something that the Russians and the Americans have yet to learn: they know that it is not possible for any one nation to rule the earth.

The Hobbit and its epic sequel are set in Iron Age, pre-Christian Europe, a time when the ring myths of many cultures were born. During this crucial period, revolutionized by the discovery of metallurgy and the spread of edged weapons, the forging of a "ring of power" or a "magic sword" symbolized jealously guarded chemical—virtually alchemical—knowledge. As David Day writes in *Tolkien's Ring*, iron smelting "was the atomic secret of its day . . . Those who possessed the secret conquered and often exterminated those who did not."

Yet the ring quest that Tolkien depicts is the exact opposite of most other myths that treat of heroes seeking a magical ring to assure their peoples' ascendancy. Tolkien's is a universe informed by the terrible abuses of power mankind has endured in the millennia since knights first rode out in symbolic quest of it. The wizard Saruman, seduced by a vision of possessing the One Ring "for that good which only the Wise can see," is doomed to "the inevitable fate that waits for all attempts to defeat evil power by power." The wizard Gandalf refuses to let himself be tempted, for, although "pity for weakness and the desire of strength to do good" would be his motives initially, he knows well he would end "like the Dark Lord himself." The hobbits, on the other hand, with their simple, robust good sense and love of creature comforts are, of course, practically immune to temptation by the Ring.

Orwell said the English had learned "that it is not possible for any one nation to rule the earth." Yet one nation may well colonize the earth's fantasy life. Tolkien's saga is for the modern world a distillate of what he called "the noble northern spirit." As the Fox counseled the Little Prince, one sees clearly only with the heart. Self-worship makes a people strong. To believe in God is to believe in yourself and in your kind: God, for the English, truly is an Englishman. And when they cease believing that, they effectively cease belief in any higher form of Being. Losing one's god not only makes a people worse than they should be but demoralizes and saps their very will to survive.

"I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind," wrote J.M. Barrie.

> [T]he Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. . . . On these magic shores children at play are forever beaching their coracles. We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more.

But we have been to the Neverland, and now we shall always believe. The world speaks many languages, but it dreams in English.

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

FILM

Gibson and His Enemies

by Tom Piatak

For years, conservatives have wondered if there was any movie Hollywood would balk at showing. Blasphemy, incessant profanity, graphic sex, obscene violence—none of these has proved an obstacle to Hollywood, and numerous

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films containing some or all of these elements have enjoyed widespread critical acclaim.

We have finally found out what sort of movie will make Hollywood blanch. It must be made by an Oscar-winning director and acclaimed actor. It must be filmed on a set where Mass was offered daily and where the leading actor received Holy Communion every day. And it must be based on the most important books in history—the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The movie, of course, is Mel Gibson's *The Passion*, a film that has yet to find a distributor and has been the object of an unprecedented campaign of vilification, beginning before any of its critics had even seen it and months before its scheduled release. The open campaign to censor Gibson's script has elicited not a word of protest from the advocates of artistic freedom who thought taxpayers should have to subsidize "art" consisting of a crucifix submerged in urine, and some are predicting the film will mark the end of Gibson's career. As entertainment publicist Michael Levine noted, "in liberal Hollywood, it's easier to declare yourself a gay drug-addicted kleptomaniac than a born-again Christian."

The real enemies of Mel Gibson's *Passion*, however, are not Hollywood liberals. They are an assortment of subversive academics, ecclesiastical apparatchiks, and heavy-handed enforcers of political correctness, whose opinion of traditional Christianity is so negative that they hope to silence Gibson because he professes it.

The attack has been vicious, including an unfavorable piece in the *New York Times* based on an interview with the artist's octogenarian father. The public attack began in earnest with an article by Boston University academic Paula Fredriksen in America's premier organ of anti-Catholicism, the *New Republic*. Fredriksen was part of a group of professors who reviewed the script of Gibson's film at the behest of Eugene Fisher, a bureaucrat at the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, and Eugene Korn, a functionary at the Anti-Defamation League.

Fredriksen's screed was both misleading and revealing. She directly attacks Gibson's pre-Vatican II Catholicism and quotes with approval a sneering description of *The Passion* as a "high-budget dramatization of key points of traditionalist theology." The piece also revealed a process reminiscent of the Roman Inquisition in the days of Fredriksen's despised "traditionalist theology." Fredriksen's group wanted Gibson essentially to scrap his script and to provide one to their liking. If Gibson failed to comply, condemnations intended to kill the film would follow. Based on the work of Fredriksen's group (and Korn's viewing of the film), the ADL has already denounced *The Passion* in the strongest terms, and Fredriksen wants the bishops to follow suit: "I hope that they bring to their eventual review of this unfortunate film the full weight of their unique moral authority." The stakes are high because Fredriksen *knows* that, if anyone is allowed to see Gibson's film, bloodshed will follow: "When violence breaks out, Mel Gibson will have a much higher authority than professors and bishops to answer to."

Aside from providing a prime example of the intolerance, hysteria, and arrogance characteristic of the leftist mind at work, Fredriksen's piece is fundamentally disingenuous. She complains that Gibson's work cannot be historically accurate, because the Gospels differ on the details of Christ's Passion. But the ADL and Fredriksen are assailing Gibson precisely because his script is based on a harmony of the Gospels. The first point of the ADL's criticism is that the movie "portrays Jewish authorities and the Jewish 'mob' as forcing the decision to torture and execute Jesus, thus assuming responsibility for the crucifixion." The Gospels do state that the Romans crucified Jesus and that the legal authority for the crucifixion came from Pontius Pilate. Each of the evangelists also wrote that the plot to kill Jesus originated with the chief priests, however, and each states that Pilate decided to crucify Jesus only after a mob controlled by the chief priests demanded His death. And Saint Matthew famously wrote:

> When Pilate saw that he was not succeeding at all, but that a riot was breaking out instead, he took water and washed his hands in the sight of the crowd, saying, "I am innocent of this man's blood. Look to it yourselves." And the whole people said in reply, "His blood be upon us and upon our children" [New American Bible].

The real quarrel of those attacking *The Passion* is not with Gibson but with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Fredriksen tries to conceal the radical nature of the attack on *The Passion* by appealing to history: "the historical fact behind the Passion narratives—Jesus's death on a cross—points primarily to a Roman agenda." But Fredriksen did not always regard this conclusion as self-evident. In her Introduction to *From Jesus to Christ*, Fredriksen wrote that she once believed that, "shortly after arriving in Jerusalem, Jesus became the target of fatal priestly hostility, which ultimately leads him to Pilate, and the cross." By upsetting the money changers, "he moved himself into the cross-hairs of the priests." It was only when Fredriksen walked around Jerusalem and saw how really, really big the Temple was that she concluded that no one would have even noticed Jesus and the money changers. From this "insight," she ultimately concluded what she now presents as the unassailable truth that must be enforced against errant filmmakers: Pilate, not the chief priests, is the one who really wanted Jesus dead. This "insight" seems a slender reed on which to overthrow the Gospels and decide who gets branded an "antisemite"—the equivalent of *anathema sit* in today's age of mandatory "tolerance."

Fredriksen's attack on Gibson is also disingenuous because—unless her views have dramatically changed—it paints a misleading portrait of what she believes. Her agitation over Gibson's alleged lack of fidelity to history would seem to indicate that Fredriksen would want historicity in movies about Jesus. However, in a 1998 interview in the *Boston Globe Magazine*, she gushed,

> I loved *The Last Temptation of Christ*, the movie. I've shown it in my theology class, because it's such a tormented construction about what bothers 20th century people, using Jesus as a screen on which to project those things.

It is difficult to get further from history than Martin Scorsese's blasphemous, silly, and now mostly forgotten film, but since Scorsese, unlike Gibson, isn't an adherent of "traditionalist theology," he passes Fredriksen's litmus test. Fredriksen continued:

> I'd love to do my own movie. I would get whoever is like Robert DeNiro, but a 30-year old, somebody who is intense and Italianate, to play Jesus. I would stage it in a context thick with magical powers and demons, and have it embed-

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ded realistically in the Judaism of his time, where Jews are just arguing with each [*sic*] other all the time about "you don't do it right. I do it right."

From her *New Republic* references to the "unique moral authority" of the Catholic bishops and the "higher authority" that will judge Gibson for making this movie, we might assume that Fredriksen acknowledges the authority of the Catholic bishops and believes that God does indeed judge our actions. When asked in the 1998 interview whether she was a believer, however, Fredriksen replied, "To get people to attend to what I'm saying, I often, in principle, don't share this information." She later declared that "the problem of evil in a monotheistic system, I think, is always going to be a tough one: Either God is not all-powerful or not all good. Either option is not satisfying." When asked if antisemitism was integral to Christianity, she replied that

> anti-Semitism has been integral to Christianity. When you think about it, the Holocaust was the greatest, most energetic, most spontaneous Christian ecumenical movement since the Crusades: Lithuanian Orthodox [*sic*], German Lutherans, Catholic Frenchmen—everyone pitched in to kill Jewish civilians, children.

That Lithuanians are actually Roman Catholic is the least problem with this amazing statement. That someone who essentially equates Christianity with Nazism is being asked to consult with Catholic theologians is mind-boggling.

The Catholic theologians who consulted with Fredriksen also hold troubling views. Fisher and the scholars involved in the attack on *The Passion* were the same group that, last year, succeeded in placing on the website of the Catholic Bishops Conference a statement saying that Catholics may no longer attempt to convert Jews. The embarrassed bishops quickly withdrew the statement, which was the subject of criticism from many theologians, including an incisive critique in *America* by the only American theologian to receive the red hat from Pope John Paul II, Avery Cardinal Dulles.

The scholars' website suggests an even more radical agenda. A section devoted to a book on Christian-Jewish relations, *A Sacred Obligation*, reveals that the scholars want to excise certain New Testament texts—including, presumably, the Passion narratives—from the Mass:

> The New Testament contains passages that have frequently generated negative attitudes toward Jews and Judaism. The use of these texts in the context of worship increases the likelihood of hostility to Jews. . . . A reformed Christian liturgical life would express a new relationship with Jews and thus honor God.

Even more amazingly, the scholars renounce what "Christians have . . . taught for centuries," namely, "that salvation is available only through Jesus Christ." Judaism, to the scholars, is not merely Christianity's "elder brother" and deserving of respect but as valid as Christianity, meaning that Jesus' death had no salvific effect on Jews and that those first-century Jews who followed Christ, founded the Church, wrote the New Testament, and often died martyrs' deaths were seriously misguided, to say the least.

The ADL's arguments against Gibson are also troubling. On its website, the ADL trumpets the antisemitic e-mails it has received since the controversy began and offers them as proof that Gibson's movie is antisemitic. Of course, these e-mails prove no such thing, since none of the senders has even seen Gibson's film. They are reacting not to *The Passion* but to the ham-handed attempt to censor the film and, in essence, the Gospels.

The critics' fears are based on the belief that Christians are drooling proto-Nazis, needing only the slightest provocation to burn a synagogue. Aside from its sheer offensiveness, this fear overlooks the fact that, every Good Friday, millions of Roman Catholics around the world hear Saint John's Passion. Every Palm Sunday, another of the Passion narratives is read to tens of millions of Roman Catholics. Other Christian denominations also read the Passion narratives regularly, resulting not in violence but in spiritual reflection and, one hopes, behavior closer to that of Christ.

There is no reason to believe Gibson's portrayal of the Passion will have a different effect from the annual reading of the Passion narratives in countless churches around the world. The famous Passion play at Oberammergau, Germany, has never inspired violence. Today, antisemitism is very much a fringe phenomenon everywhere—except, perhaps, in the Islamic world. And the fringe characters attracted to antisemitism are not Christians. In all probability, the only antisemites who will go to see Gibson's film will be those excited by the denunciations it has received.

I fully agree with Paul VI's pronouncement in *Nostra aetate* that "what happened in [Christ's] passion cannot be charged against all the Jews, without distinction, then alive, nor against the Jews of today." Nothing I have read about *The Passion* suggests that Gibson is making this movie to blame anyone. I was moved by the interviews Gibson and Jim Caviezel, the actor who plays Christ, gave to EWTN, in which they spoke of their desire to use the film to glorify Christ. As Deal Hudson has written,

> one of the two glimpses of Gibson in the movie is when you see his hand placing the stake on Christ's palm—thus underlining Gibson's own guilt, which in Christian theology he shares with all mankind, for the death of Christ.

I resent those whose animus against "traditionalist theology" is so great that they want to suppress it. A belief in the Gospels' Passion narratives and a pride in the history of the Church is not synonymous with hatred of Jews. Indeed, "traditionalist theology" is the theology that animated every canonized saint as well as those Christians (including Pius XII) who saved Jews from the holocaust.

This assault on Gibson's film is just another in a long series of tedious and increasingly obnoxious attempts by leftists of all faiths (or of none) to eviscerate our Western heritage. Gibson is working in the mainstream of the Western artistic tradition concerning the Passion. If Fredriksen's clique actually wielded the power they desire, it is hard to see how either Michelangelo's *Pietà* or J.S. Bach's Passions could pass muster. After all, the scene portrayed in the *Pietà* is contained nowhere in the Gospels, and Bach's Passions employ texts that those assailing Gibson claim "have frequently generated negative attitudes toward Jews and Judaism." Neither the *Pietà* nor Bach's Passions has ever inspired violence, but both continue to awe believers and unbelievers alike. That is what Gibson, a great Catholic artist at the height of his ability, aspires to do, and he should be given the chance to try.

Tom Piatak writes from Cleveland, Ohio.

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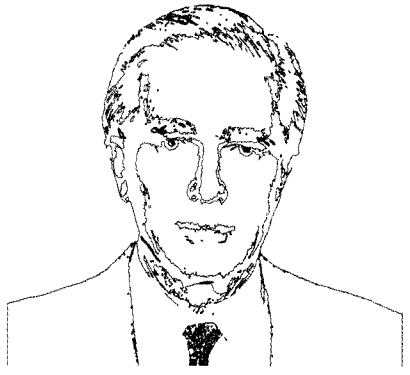
by George McCartney

Quaint Honor



Thirteen

Produced by Antidote Films and Michael London Productions
Directed by Catherine Hardwicke
Screenplay by Catherine Hardwicke and Nikki Reed
Distributed by 20th Century Fox

I am writing this review in my room at Hertford College in Oxford University, where I am attending the Evelyn Waugh centennial conference. Waugh studied at Hertford from 1921 to 1924, and, though not a distinguished student, he acquired some critical skills during his tenure. He learned how to drink immoderately, rag his friends and enemies unmercifully, and explode British complacency hilariously. There was, however, one skill he did not learn: how to dispose of used condoms. He would, I am sure, be heartened immeasurably to learn that, since his time, Hertford College has corrected this educational lapse and, what's more, admitted lady students so that they can perform the chore. In the water closet outside my room, there is a sign reading, "Ladies: Please dispose of sanitary napkins, panty liners, and used condoms in the bin provided, not in the waste disposal bins in your rooms."

Well, that's just good sense, isn't it? And yet, I would raise a question: How does a normal undergraduate interpret this message? I cannot speak for all undergraduates, and I would not presume to speak for 18-year-old coeds, but I can speak for myself. Here is how I would have understood this message at 18: The authorities expect me to fornicate regularly. What's more, if I am not fornicating, then perhaps there is something wrong with me. Maybe I should run over to the student commons and get a gross of those things just in case an unavoidable occasion arises. I would not want to let my side down.

What does this have to do with director Catherine Hardwicke's *Thirteen*, the film ostensibly under review? In a word, *everything*.

For a good many years now, well-meaning and not-so-well-meaning adults have been traducing the young with value-neutral messages about how they should conduct their intimate lives. It was thought by our self-appointed experts that it wouldn't do to be prudish and say anything that might possibly suggest that the young should restrain themselves in these matters. Besides, they wouldn't listen, would they? Better to wrap them in rubber and hope for the best. Now that we know that the best is not happening, our official guardians have prescribed even more value-free information starting at ever-earlier ages: sex ed in the second grade; AIDS ed in the third. The results have been quite predictable, and they are on display in Hardwicke's film featuring overheated 13-year-old girls gone wild.

Thirteen has been touted as a devastating portrayal of girls on the road to pop-culture hell. They tattoo their torsos, pierce their tongues and navels, take and sell drugs, seduce African-American youths, and generally make jerks of themselves. (Why African-Americans, bye-the-bye? Does Hardwicke harbor some outre notions about black sexuality? Or does she assume the underclass is inherently less responsible?) The film tells us all this with a breathless handheld camera circling about some typical denizens of the American lower-middle class. At its vortex totters Mel (Holly Hunter), a beleaguered divorcée who does not know what's happening to her daughter, Tracy (Evan Rachel Wood). We do, however: America is happening to her, at least the America of our currently poisonous culture.

I am of two minds concerning *Thirteen*. On the plus side, it is a cautionary tale about how divorce and self-indulgent adults affect the young. At the same time, its warning comes at the expense of seriously compromising its underage actors.

As a cautionary drama, it is rather better than most. Hardwicke has decided to restrict her point of view to her central character, Tracy. She has been virtually abandoned by her father, who has left Mel for the lusher pastures of a younger woman. In his absence, Mel babysits and cuts hair to keep her household barely afloat. She also carries on a desultory affair with a neighbor, Steve, like herself a recovering drug user. One of Hardwicke's shrewder decisions is to withhold much of the adult information from the audience. We see the ménage in bits and pieces, as does Tracy, who knows more than she should but only in a fragmentary way. This, together with the jittery camera, renders Tracy's home life distressingly vertiginous. There's no balance, no certainty. Everything swirls as if in an emotional mixmaster constantly set to FRAPPE.

Mel loves her daughter unreservedly, but she just does not know how to help her. Although the girl is clearly grieving for her absent father, Mel assumes she can make up for the loss by being her pal. She doesn't come close. Tracy is appalled to discover Mel copying her attire of jeans and a tank top and becoming giddily girlish about Steve coming over for a visit. The moral instability of the fatherless household is painfully palpable. When she belatedly realizes she is losing control of Tracy, Mel asks her ex-husband for help. He refuses, pleading job responsibilities. With debts mounting, her house deteriorating, and her daughter descending into drugs and sluttishness, Mel has a momentary breakdown. She throws herself on her drab kitchen floor and hysterically rips up its cheap linoleum as if to demonstrate that she has lost her footing entirely.

Tracy's decline is facilitated by a sociopathic friend, Evie (Nikki Reed). The film opens with the girls drugged to the gills and slapping each other silly, literally. They bruise each other, and their mouths run with blood as they laugh hysterically. Then, at the bottom of the screen, the words "Four Months Earlier" appear, and we are introduced to a dramatically different Tracy, a lovely young honor student entering seventh grade. Soon, she is being shoved around by the cool kids and

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mocked for her childish clothing and innocent exuberance. Rendered vulnerable by the turmoil at home, she cannot abide more rejection at school, so she decides to join the hip crowd. To do so, she allies herself with Evie, the "hottest" girl in her middle school. Tracy does not grasp that Evie is far more neglected than she is. In fact, Evie has been made a sociopath by being virtually abandoned by the drug-addled woman who may or may not be her mother. With a feral cunning born of abuse, she immediately identifies Tracy as an easy touch and literally moves into both her life and home. She easily gets round the well-meaning Mel by telling her that she has been abused by her guardian's boyfriends. Meanwhile, Evie continues her campaign to bring Tracy down to her level. This includes a program of drugs and seduction. Preparing to hang out with two older boys, she inveigles Tracy into kissing her as "practice." Tracy is too innocent to understand what Evie is up to, and, later, she is also foolish and confused enough to imitate the seductive arts she practices on her young man during their double date. Here, the story takes on a Jekyll-and-Hyde aspect. Evie is the vixen in Tracy, the sexually wised-up manipulator any young woman might become if she finds herself in an abusive environment composed purely of power relations. Without overplaying her hand, Hardwicke has been able to suggest this without stretching the story into an unrealistic melodrama. Her characters remain plausibly human—even Evie turns out to be something much less and, therefore, much more than a devil woman.

Having said this, I must register strong reservations about this film. Good intentions do not excuse compromising young girls. Reed and Wood were only 14 and 15, respectively, when making the film. It will not do to say that they knew all about these things already. As youngsters of our age, they undoubtedly did. I am not talking about preserving their innocence. Young women generally have always known about the basics of sex earlier than their male coevals. That is why most societies have countenanced what we would call "child brides." Furthermore, the story is supposed to be based on Reed's own experience. She was the real Tracy and participated in writing the script with Hardwicke, who was in a relationship with her father at the time. Whatever these young ladies know, whatever they have experienced, there is no justification for having them simulate the erotic behavior displayed in this movie. While nothing is graphic by today's abysmal standards, there is no doubt about what kinds of sexual activities the girls will engage in when the camera cuts away. Given the powerful forces working on the young, both hormonally and culturally, it is idle to argue that they would be immune to the implications of these enactments or that they could stand back from them to assess rationally their inadvisability at their age and state in life. Then there's Hardwicke's relationship with Reed's father. How did it affect Reed to work with the woman who replaced her mother, Hunter's character, in her father's affections? Doesn't this, together with the body-piercing and tattooing, make all these women collaborators in their own sexual objectification?

Which brings me back to the condom-disposal notice posted for the Oxford ladies. Could this sign be a perverse parody of the role accorded women in earlier ages? Women were once understood to be the gatekeepers of their virtue rather than connivers in their own defilement. Is there any possibility of returning to this antiquated notion? Or has such honor become entirely too quaint? c

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Nothing Doing, Doing Nothing

Labor Day weekend honors those horny-handed men and brawny women who do the *real* work that gets done in America, hauling up to the pay office every two weeks in Cadillacs emblazoned with union decals to collect their fat two-week paychecks (five days' work, another five on sick leave). A drone myself, I'm completely shameless about piggy-backing on the American working class's great day, which I ordinarily honor by doing less useful work even than usual—better yet, no work at all, including flipping a hamburger or turning a hot dog on the outdoor grill.

"*Oh yes!*" Don exclaimed from beside me, as we gazed together across a series of parallel sandstone canyons separated by hogback ridges grown over with piñon and juniper trees and draining southeast toward Vermilion Creek, obscured from view by towers of sand and rock. "This is my kind of country—absolutely!"

Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand—perhaps more—would have seen nothing in this arid, broken patch of extreme northwestern Colorado but featureless and (in the flat light) colorless desert, as unappetizing to the soul as it was uninteresting to the eye. Don Eason, though, is one in a million: He could even think of something to *do* with all this terrible-looking country.

"I'm guessing Vermilion is just beyond that second ridge," he suggested. "Let's hike over there and see."

I hated to break my Labor Day observance but figured what the hell. The country *did* look interesting—all that teetering, fallen, and broken-off rock—and I needed to be in shape for the next real work I had in mind: a four-day hike in the Grand Canyon with Tom Sheeley, just three-and-a-half weeks from now.

"Let's do it," I agreed with Don, screwing the cap back on the water bottle and dropping it into my daypack.

A few million more like us and the tourist industry could be bigger than the dot-coms once were, making good money off insane people who find fascination in a handful of dust. (If they weren't happier finding it on their own, of course.)

The weekend so far had been all about nothing much—which is, of course, what life mostly should be. It's the locals, for the most part, who enjoy Nine Mile Canyon, 80 or 90 miles away by line of sight over in eastern Utah; since gas wells in the vicinity and working ranches in the river bottom, even more than the primitive roads, seem to spoil for tourists the fairly extensive and accessible display of Fremont petroglyphs advertised by the Bureau of Land Management, by the merchants in Roosevelt and Vernal, and on the internet. Me, I don't object to cattle drives through camp or the rattle of pipeliners' trucks on the road. Twenty, maybe fifteen years ago, I used to drive in my 1970 Land Cruiser to the mouth of Nine Mile Creek and wade at the willows' edge in the Green River, just above where it enters Desolation Canyon with its 2,000-foot-tall cliffs. Now, the Nature "Conservancy" has bought the old ranch upstream from the river and hung a NO TRESPASSING sign on the closed gate. So much for progress. Who wants to live in a damn nature preserve—when they won't let you into it, especially? Herding Americans are in thunderous flight from reality, in the direction of the theme park of their choice. They are welcome—and more than welcome—to them. Don Eason and I will find other places to go.

Now, in the last days of August, Nine Mile Canyon was fresh and watered looking, the grass growing softly green on the terraced crimson rock. The road down from the north rim had been bulldozed where the creek crossed, and the watercourse showed signs of a gully washer in recent days. I parked the pickup truck up the nameless canyon opposite the one they call Prickly Pear and unloaded the camp gear in the dust, while Maureen set up her kitchen nearby. Afterward, I built a fire, and we sat beside it to eat our supper, holding the plates in our laps and keeping the red and white wine bottles between us, while an owl called before taking flight for the night and bats dipped, squeaking, overhead. Finally, when it was full dark, we spread the bags in the truck bed and fell asleep on our backs, looking up at the Milky Way tilting in cross section between the black cliff walls.

The steel panels gripped us in a mold of desert cold, and we awoke early in the chill dawn to build the fire back from the coals and boil coffee for breakfast, while the sunlight crept downward, descending from one rock terrace to the next until it touched and spread across the gravel floor of the canyon to lie at last across our shoulders.

"This is the most beautiful place you ever brought me to," Maureen said.

"You say that about every place I take you," I told her. "That's all right, you needn't explain. A woman's prerogative, *et cetera*."

"I used to say before we were married that *anybody* could take me out to a nice restaurant, but only *you* could bring me to somewhere like this."

We made a hike up Prickly Pear Creek in the hot sun, following beside the downhill tracks of elk on their way to water the night before at Nine Mile. I was sweating; when a grader clanked past on the grade, followed by a company truck, the dust from their passing settled like a film on my damp skin. Three weeks from now, I'd be doing this for a living, so to speak, in the depths of the Grand Canyon, with a 50-pound pack on my shoulders and the thermometer standing at 92 or 93 degrees. Down in the Big Ditch, every day is Labor Day.

I'd estimated the drive from Nine Mile over to Irish Canyon at three hours. Instead, the trip took six, going north by way of Vernal around the eastern end of the Uinta Mountains; over Flaming Gorge Dam, past Dutch John, and across the Wyoming line; and from there south by southeast on washboard roads into Utah again, and on to northwestern Colorado, where we met up once more with the Green River at Brown's Park.

"Talk about a backwater," I told Maureen. "Butch Cassidy hung out here with his Wild Bunch, and Brad Willford, in

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Kemmerer, tells me they have a feuding tradition here so fresh you have to be careful whom you invite to the same dance together. It's all part of Dinosaur National Monument, actually."

"I didn't realize dinosaurs lived in the desert."

"It wasn't a desert when they were around. Then the climate changed, and the dinosaurs all died off. Since then, this has been mainly snake country."

"You mean there are *snakes* around here?"

"Just the faded midget rattler. Don said to bring along salt and pepper and plenty of hot sauce and keep my mouth shut, and Maureen wouldn't know the difference."

The river wandered away from the road in a southwesterly direction toward the high, purple Gates of Lodore at the head of Lodore Canyon, so named by Andrew Hall, a youthful and poetic member of John Wesley Powell's party who had been reading Southey's *Cataract of Lodore*. (Universal literacy may actually have been realized by 1869, without anyone at the time having been aware of it.)

It was past seven in the evening when we reached the campground at the north end of Irish Canyon, on the improved dirt road between Rock Springs, Wyoming, and Maybell, Colorado. (The canyon takes *its* name from a party of Irish felons who robbed a bank in Rock Springs and escaped with their loot to this place, where they celebrated egregiously in the manner traditional with their forefathers.) The Easons, having finished their supper, had nearly given us up for lost. But they left the circle of warmth around the fire to welcome us and help raise our camp in a drizzle of rain.

"This is convenient," I told Don. "But not exactly up to our standards—yours and mine—for roughing it."

He grinned. "I thought we'd pick up and move over behind the ridge tomorrow morning, if we can persuade Nancy and Maureen to sacrifice the concrete camp tables and pit toilet they've got here."

It seemed unlikely, but you never know. With any luck, the toilet would stink to high heaven, and we'd discover a faded midget under the rain fly in the morning.

The original plan had been to make a trip over to Trachyte Canyon in south-central Utah, west of Bullfrog Marina on Lake Powell, which Don—an experienced outdoorsman—had hiked the previous spring. When the heat caused us to reconsider our plans, he had investigated Dinosaur Monument on the internet and come up with Irish Canyon as an alternative. Though I'd driven this road many times in the late 1980's and early 90's on the way south to the U.S.-Mexico border, Vermilion Creek was an unfamiliar name to me. At the time, I'd wondered idly what attracted Don to it; now that we were here, though, I didn't care. If he was interested in Vermilion Creek, then so was I. It's part of what makes good hiking companions.

Next morning, we had left the ladies in camp for them to discuss homeschooling curricula and plan the book on wilderness camping for females that they are writing together. Taking Brendan and Cullen with us in the Montero, Don and I drove by two-track around the eastern end of the canyon and into the desert, where, after a few miles, we'd come on the Vermilion drainage west of the main creek. Taking with us water and Brendan's binoculars, we explored downstream a mile or so until, at a bend in the wash, Don halted and pointed toward an angled notch hardly perceptible in the forested ridge ahead.

"I knew the creek had to cut through that monocline at some point," he said. "My guess is we could come round the other end of Irish Canyon and approach it from the south, on this same road."

The four of us looked at one another. True explorers are born, not made.

"Let's try it tomorrow," I proposed.

That night, we had a coyote in camp. Maureen, in a panic, shook me fully awake at a little past midnight, but I was already halfway there, alert to the sound of Don's voice and the glow of his flashlight through two thicknesses of tent wall. Don had heard something around the picnic table and, looking to investigate, had seen a set of yellow eyes peering at him. The fault was mine entirely. Lulled by the luxury of a developed campground, I'd neglected to secure camp by locking the garbage bag away in the cab of the pickup. Such unpardonable carelessness in the wilderness could have cost me and my bride our lives; even here in Irish Canyon, bears were as likely as not to be about, drawn by easy pickings made available to them by unwary tourists. In outdoor activity as in every other, relaxation must never be allowed to degenerate into slackness. At breakfast, I felt abashed, and neither Don nor I mentioned the incident before—taking Maureen and Brendan along with us this time—we climbed back into the Montero, in search of Vermilion Creek's own Lodore, if it had one.

"Look down, beneath your feet," Don—an inveterate rockhound—advised.

The four of us stood on an eroded bluff overlooking a modest ranch hugged by a bend in the stream, to which we had just been denied access by the rancher's NO TRESPASSING sign affixed to a cattle guard. The cliff was composed of decaying conglomerate; between the spaced junipers, an assortment of rock bits—red, black, amber, and white—intermingled with fragments of petrified wood lay scattered. Only a brilliant end-of-semester essay on the work of a popular scientific author whose name I forget had saved me from a failing grade in geology, but Don (an engineer by trade) is a man possessed of a first-rate scientific mind. I paid close attention, therefore, while he identified each sample for me, sadly aware as I listened that most of what came in one ear would go out the other, in less than a quarter of an hour. We got back into the Montero at last and drove off slowly in compound low, into a thick forest of dwarf trees where the dirt track seemed always in danger of losing itself.

The road gave up the game in exhaustion after a mile and a half, expiring on a circle of bare clay scarcely big enough to make a turnaround. We continued on foot along a game trail and came, after a hundred yards, to an outcrop of rock overlooking a valley in which a creek bed constrained by badlands meandered. The bed was mostly dry, but here and there patches of damp showed and, at the outside bend, a trickle of water ran for a distance of 15 or 20 feet past a lone cottonwood sapling overhanging the bank. Upstream from where we stood, at the north end of the valley, a pair of red walls seven or eight hundred feet high opposed one other across a narrow cleft, from which Vermilion Creek came wandering.

"There it is," Don Eason said, quietly.

"The Gates of Vermilion," I suggested; "The Vermilion Gates." Neither sounded at all right, and, like most 21st-century Americans, I hadn't read my Southey.

It didn't matter to either of us, though. Standing forward upon our rocky verge, contemplating the high crimson split in the dark extensive monocline, we felt as proud and satisfied and excited as John Wesley Powell, Andy Hall, and the rest of their party must have felt nearly a century and a half ago, barely 150 miles into their wild adventure.

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by Thomas Fleming

What Was, and What Might Have Been

Most Americans appear to have spent their second September 11 anniversary paying tribute to the American ideals of open borders and acceptance of all forms of diversity—religious, ethnic, sexual, moral, and intellectual. I spent it in Novi Sad, attending a conference on Islam and the West. The one-day conference, part of the Rockford Institute convivium in the Balkans, was held at Matica Srpska, the oldest Serbian cultural organization, which cosponsored the event.

The Americans—Fr. Hugh Barbour, Srdja Trifkovic, and I—made the case for Orthodox and Catholic Christians (and ex-Christians) to call a halt to their squabbling and face the common threat. The Serbian contingent was equally strong. The gracious welcoming address by our host, Professor Kovacek, touched on the need for Eastern and Western Christians to rediscover just how much they have in common as they face the threat from the East. Aleksandar Rakovic reported on the rise of Islamic separatism and prototerrorism in the Sanjak region—the next Kosovo, if the Muslims have their way; Prof. Milorad Ekmecic, the foremost Serbian historian, spoke on the ugly reality of Turkish rule and the perfidy of the West; and Dr. Darko Tanaskovic, Serbia-Montenegro's ambassador to the Holy See, gave a diplomatic but firm paper, debunking both extremes—the naive belief in the possibility of friendly encounters with Islam and the apocalyptic vision of inevitable conflict. What is possible, he argued, is a pragmatic confrontation between the Christian and Muslim worlds in which each side is able to retain its own perspective. This has not happened so far, primarily because Muslims are unwilling to acknowledge the possible legitimacy of the Western perspective.

In writing my book *Montenegro: The Divided Land* (if you haven't read it yet, shame on you), I became fully aware of the historic conflict between Christendom and Islam. The center of the conflict was not Vienna or even Budapest but in Serb lands, both the tiny principality of Montenegro—whose mountaineers met Turkish artillery with rocks and boulders, when they had no better weapons—and the fortresses of Belgrade, Petrovaradin, and Smederevo (where the Serbs made their last stand in the 15th century). We visited Smederevo, where Dragan Acovic, a prominent Belgrade architect, gave us an historical tour. Mr. Acovic is the supervising architect of the long-delayed new cathedral, St. Sava in Belgrade, around which he took us in company with the Serbian minister of religion, Mr. Vojislav Milovanovic.

President Vojislav Kostunica meets with convivium participants.

The conference in Novi Sad was the one day in ten during our convivium given over exclusively to business, though we did manage to have lunch in the historic fort of Petrovaradin, drinks and discussion with His Grace Irinej (the Orthodox bishop of Novi Sad and a noted theologian), and dinner at the famous Bata Pezo restaurant, which I celebrated in an earlier column. To be honest, we have put on many conferences and convivia, all of them fine, but this was the best.

Take the first evening, having drinks at the terrace restaurant on Kalamegdan, the fortress of Belgrade assaulted by the Turks in 1456, when John Hunyadi, St. John Capistrano, and Vlad Drakula fought off the attack of Mehmed II (the conqueror of Constantinople) and killed 50,000 Turks. As the moon rose, Srdja asked if we heard anything. Only silence, then a crescendoing chorus of howls from about two-dozen wolves. I had forgotten that the restaurant, which overlooked the Danube on one side, was also right above the zoological garden. "Children of the night," we said almost simultaneously, remembering that Dracula would have stood on this spot, "what music they make." (I think Alan Stock was the first to get it out.)

How to pick the best out of ten brilliant days? Was it the day we met with both the Serbian patriarch and former (and future) President Vojislav Kostunica? Was it the hours we spent in the two Serbian royal palaces, where HRH Aleksandar gave us a private tour with historical reminiscences of his family? Or was it the Sunday that began with an Orthodox liturgy on a wild hilltop overlooking the Adriatic, followed by the lunch with Metropolitan Amfilo-

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A lively evening at Duajelena.

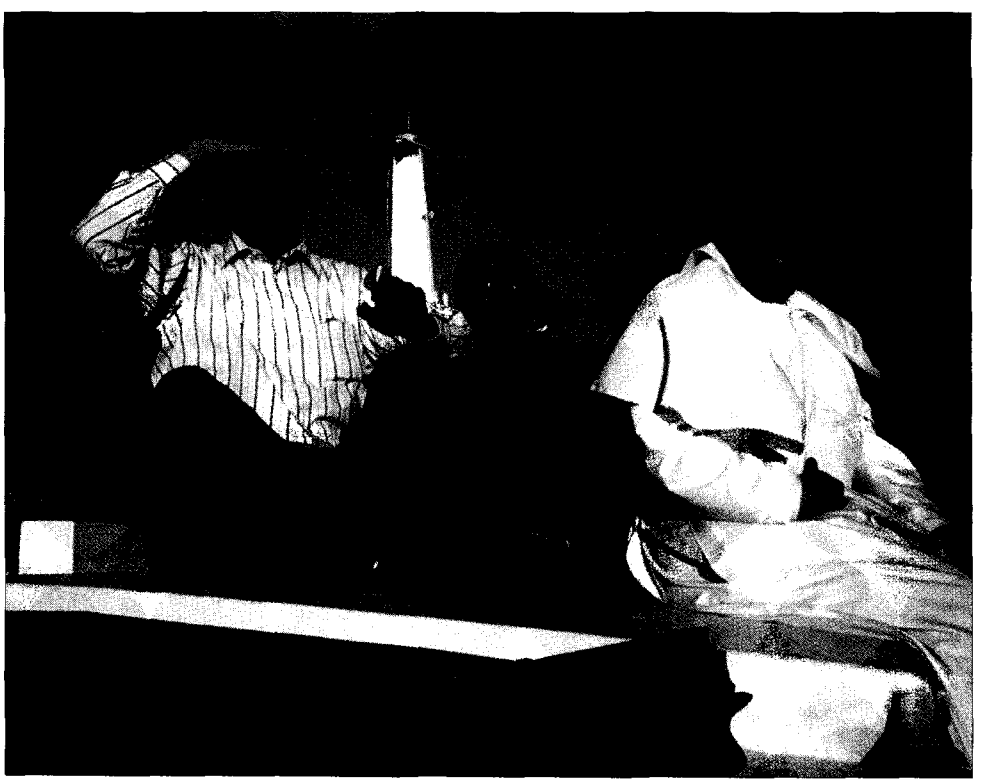
hije, at which Father Barbour presented a relic of St. Gregory the Great? "From America," remarked the metropolitan, "we usually expect only money, but this relic is more precious to us than half the wealth in America." We spent the afternoon cruising Kotor Bay and visiting historic Catholic churches and made it back to our hotel in time for a late afternoon swim. Or was it the day when we even ventured abroad to Dubrovnik, the jewel of the Adriatic, its magnificent walls and splendid baroque churches strangely intact in view of the devastation they allegedly suffered in 1991, when (according even to recent news stories) many parts of the old city received substantial damage?

Or was it just the time we spent in Milocer at the former royal vacation palace on the sea? It is a lovely and dignified hotel, with quiet service, two private beaches, and a sheltered veranda overlooking the sea, where we sipped many a glass of *loza* (Montenegrin grape firewater). On our last night in Montenegro, we dined on the veranda, as the sun set into the Adriatic, and, as we ate our roast lamb in the moonlight, we listened to the waves lapping the shingle and the wind lulling the pine trees of the park that surrounds the hotel.

Meals were among the best parts of the trip. What was our best dinner? It is hard to say. Bata Pezo, in his restaurant on the Danube, recognized Srdja and went all out for a memorable dinner of fish from the river. But the fish restaurants in Montenegro were also wonderful—Vido's in Budva, where President Djukanovic is a regular; the Langust and More in Przno, where we feasted on fresh grouper and rockfish; and Kraljicina Stolica (the Queen's Chair) in Milocer, overlooking the coast on a hilltop that once was Queen Marie's favorite spot for rest and contemplation. We walked (you cannot get there by car) from our hotel in the dark along the sea and up the brick and cobblestone pathway.

I think our guests may have enjoyed their evenings in Belgrade even more, at Dva Jelena and Ima Dana, where Serbian bands played the gentle music of the old city. Our worst meal was good by American standards, and the better of them, like the dinner at Vuk in Belgrade (seafood starters, a *mousaka* made from bell pepper, a veal goulash, delicious pastries) surpassed anything I have eaten in North America.

If you wanted to go but found some excuse—no money, a football game, the "dangers" and inconvenience of travel to exotic places, or just the sheer unfamiliarity of the Balkans—then you have a lifetime to spend kicking yourself for what you might have learned but did not, for what you could have experienced but would not.



Alan Stock, Srdja Trifkovic, and Fr. Hugh Barbour on Kotor Bay.

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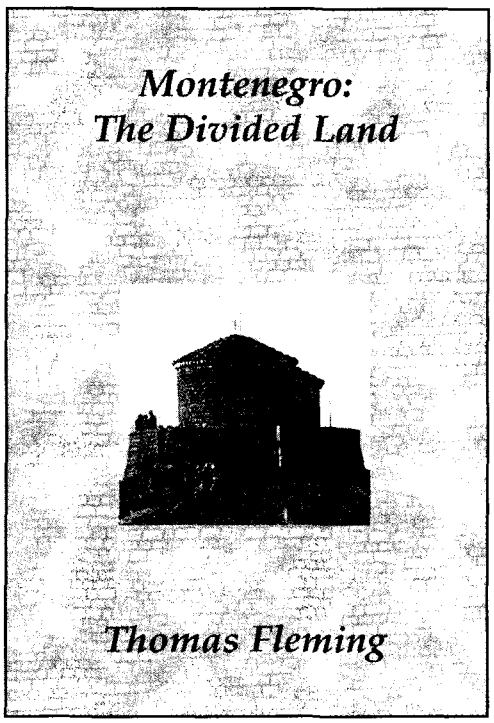
This Time, Be Prepared

The Serb land of Montenegro is once again at the crossroads of history. The blood-soaked mountains and dramatic coastline of this small land have been fought over by Illyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, and Venetians, and, in the 20th century, by the armies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany. In World War II, Montenegro lost more men, per capita, than any nation of Europe, and now it is the latest target of the so-called international community, which has tried to create a phony separatist movement (complete with a bogus national church) to continue the disastrous policies that have involved the United States in wars over Bosnia and Kosovo.

Thomas Fleming has written the first well-researched history of Montenegro in the English language, taking the story from ancient times all the way up to the current crisis over separation from Serbia. This is no dry academic tome but a lively account of a brave people whose brave history rivals the tales of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae.



"Dr. Fleming has given us an unbiased history of our people that is compact yet thorough, with all the characteristics of a serious, well-documented, scientific study."

—Slavenko Terzic
Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences

"Dr. Fleming's book is a fascinating account of the heroic struggle of the Montenegrin people to defend their freedom and liberty against all odds. It tells their magnificent story in a stirring narrative that combines scholarly research with astute observation of how this tiny nation today may yet face its greatest challenge."

—James Bisset
Former ambassador to Yugoslavia
from Canada

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